

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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## THE GATES ON GRANDFATHER'S FARM.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

LITTLE Eastern children, transplanted in their babyhood to the far West, have to leave behind them grandfathers and grandmothers, and all the dear old places associated with those best friends of childhood.

Of our Cañon children, Jack was the only one who could remember grandfather's house; although Polly had romanced about it so much that she thought she could remember. Polly was born there, but as she was taken away only eighteen months afterward, it's hardly likely that she knew much about it. And Baby was born in the Cañon, and never in her life had heard the words grandpapa or grandmama spoken in the second person.

For the sake of these younger ones, deprived of their natural right to the possession of grandparents, the mother used to tell everything she could put into words, and that the children could understand, about the old Eastern home where her own childhood was spent, in entire unconsciousness of any such fate as that which is involved in the words, "Gone West."

The catalogue of grandfather's gates always pleased the children, because in the Cañon there were no gates but the great rock gate of the Cañon itself, out of which the river ran shouting and clapping its hands like a child out of a dark

room into the sunlight; and into which the sun took a last peep, at night, under the red curtain of the sunset.

Grandfather's gates were old gates long before Jack began to kick out the toes of his shoes against them, or practised with their wooden latches and latch-pins. Most of them had been patched and strengthened, in weak places, by hands whose work in this world was done. Each had its own particular creak, like a familiar voice, announcing, as far as it could be heard, which gate it was that was opening; and, to Jack's eyes, each one of the farm-gates had a distinct and expressive countenance of its own, which he remembered as well as he did the faces of the men who worked in the fields.

Two or three of them were stubborn obstacles in his path, by reason of queer, unmanageable latches that would n't shove, or weights that a small boy could n't lift, or a heavy trick of yawing at the top and dragging at the bottom, so that the only way to get through was to squeeze through a wedge-shaped opening, where you scraped the side of your leg, and generally managed to catch some part of your clothing on a nail or on a splinter. Others fell open gaily, on a downhill grade, but you had to tug yourself crimson in order to heave them

shut again. Very few of those heavy old field-gates seemed to have been intended for the convenience of boys. The boy on grandfather's farm who opened a gate was expected to shut it. If he neglected to do so he was almost sure to hear a voice calling after him, "Hey, there! Who left that gate open?" So that on the whole it was no saving of time to slip through, besides being a strain on one's reputation with the farm-hands.

Some of the gates were swinging and creaking every day of the year; others were silent for whole months together; others, like the road-gate, stood open always, and never creaked; and nobody marked them, except that the children found them good to swing upon, when the grass was not too long.

The road-gate had once been quite a smart one, with pickets and gray paint? but it had stood open so many years, with the grass of summer after summer cumbering its long stride, that no one ever thought of repainting it, any more than they would of decorating the trunk of the Norway spruce which stood nearest to it, between it and the fountain that had ceased to play and had been filled up with earth and converted into a flower-bed.

The road-gate being always open, it follows that the garden-gate was always shut. The garden was divided from the dooryard by the lane which went past the house to the carriage-house and stable. Visitors sometimes spoke of the lane as the "avenue," and of the dooryard as the "lawn"; but these fine names were never used by grandfather himself, nor by any of the household, nor were they appropriate to the character of the place. The dooryard grass was left to grow rather long before it was cut, like grandfather's beard before he would consent to have it trimmed. Dandelions went to seed and clover-heads reddened. Beautiful things had time to grow up and blossom in that rich, dooryard grass, before it was swept down by the scythe and carried away in wheelbarrow loads to be fed to the horses. It was toward night, generally, that the men wheeled it away, and the children used to follow load after load to the stable, to enjoy the horses' enjoyment of it. They always felt that the dooryard grass belonged to them, and yielded it, at the cost of

many a joy, as their own personal contribution to those good friends of theirs in the stable — Nelly, and Duke, and Dan, and Nelly's colt (which was generally a five-year-old before it ceased to be called "the colt").

The garden-gate was a small one, of the same rather smart pattern as the road-gate. The grapevine which grew inside the fence — and over, and under, and through it — had superadded an arch of its tenderest, broadest, most luminous leaves, which spanned the gate-posts, uplifted against the blue sky, and was so much more beautiful toward the middle of summer than any gate could be, that no one ever looked at the little garden-gate at all, except to make sure that it was shut.

It had a peculiar, lively click of the latch, which somehow suggested all the pleasures of the garden within. The remembrance of it recalls the figure of John, the gardener, in his blue denim blouse, with a bunch of radishes and young lettuces in his clean, earthy hands. He would take a few steps out of his way to the fountain (it had not then been filled up), and wash the tender roots, dip the leaves and shake them, before presenting his offering in the kitchen.

There was another figure that often came and went when the garden-gate clicked; the little mother, the children's grandmother, in her morning gingham and white apron and garden-hat, and the gloves without fingers she wore when she went to pick her roses. Sometimes she wore no hat and the sun shone through her muslin cap. It came to a point just above her forehead, and was finished with a bunch of narrow ribbon, pale straw-color or lavender. Her face in the open sunlight or under the shade of her hat had the tender fairness of one of her own faintly tinted tea-roses. Young girls and children's faces may be likened to flowers, but that fairness of the white soul shining through does not belong to youth. The soul of a mother is hardly in full bloom until her cheek begins to sink a little, and grow soft with age.

The garden was laid out on an old-fashioned plan, in three low terraces, each a single step above the other. A long, straight walk divided the middle terrace, extending from the gate to the seat underneath the grape-vine and pear-

tree; and another, long, straight path crossed the first one at right angles, from the blackberry bushes at the top of the garden to the arbor-vitæ hedge at the bottom. The borders were of box, or polyanthus, or primroses, and the beds were filled with a confusion of flowers of all seasons, crowding the spaces between the rose-bushes; so that there were literally layers of flowers, the ones above half hiding, half supporting the ones beneath, and all uniting to praise the hand of the gardener that made them grow. Some persons said the garden needed systematizing — that there was a waste of material there. Others thought its charm lay in its careless lavishness of beauty — as if it took no thought for what it was, or had, but gave with both hands and never counted what was left.

It was certain you could pick armfuls, apronfuls, of flowers there, and never miss them from the beds or the bushes where they grew.

The hedge ran along on top of the stone wall which guarded the embankment to the road. In June, when the sun lay hot on the whitening dust, Jack used to lean with his arms deep in the cool, green, springy mass of the hedge, his chin barely above its close-shorn twigs, and stare at the slow-moving tops of the tall chestnut-trees, across the meadow, and dream of journeys, and of circuses passing, with band-wagons, and piebald horses, and tramp of elephants, and zebras with stiff manes. How queer an elephant would look walking past the gate of Uncle Townsend's meadow!

When the first crop of organ-grinders began to spread along the country roads, Jack, atilt like a big robin in the hedge, would prick his ear at the sound of a faint, whining sweetness, far away at the next house but one. After a silence he would hear it again in a louder strain, at the very next house; another plodding silence, and the joy had arrived. The organ-man had actually perceived grandfather's house, far back as it was behind the fir-trees, and had stopped by the little gate at the foot of the brick walk. Then Jack races out of the garden, slamming the gate behind him, across the dooryard and up the piazza steps, to beg a few pennies to encourage the man. He has already turned back his blanket and adjusted his stick. Will grandmother please hurry? It takes such a long

time to find only four pennies, and the music has begun!

All the neighbors' children have followed the man, and are congregated about him in the road below. Looks are exchanged between them and Jack, dangling his legs over the brink of the wall, but no words are wasted.

Then come those moments of indecision as to the best plan of bestowing the pennies. If you give them too soon, the man may pack up the rest of his tunes and go away; if you keep them back too long, he may get discouraged and go, anyhow. Jack concludes to give two pennies at the close of the first air, and make the others apparent in his hands. But the organ-man does not seem to be aware of the other two pennies in reserve. His melancholy eyes are fixed on the tops of the fir-trees that swing in a circle above Jack's head, as he sits on the wall. "Poor man," Jack thinks, "he is disappointed to get only two pennies! He thinks, perhaps, I am keeping the others for the next man. How good of him to go on playing all the same!" He plays all his tunes out to the end. Down goes the blanket. Jack almost drops the pennies in his haste to be in time. The man stumps away down the road, and Jack loiters up the long path to the house, dreamy with the droning music, and flattered to the soul by the man's thanks, and the way he took off his hat when he said good-day. Nobody need try to make Jack believe that an organ-grinder can ever be a nuisance.

The road-gate, the garden-gate, and the gate at the foot of the path, were the only gates that ever made any pretense to paint. The others were of the color that wind and weather freely bestow upon a good piece of old wood that has never been planed.

Jack became acquainted with the farm-gates, one by one, as his knowledge of the fields progressed. At first, for his short legs, it was a long journey to the barn. Here there was a gate which he often climbed upon but never opened; for within its protection the deep growl of the old bull was often heard, or his reddish-black head, lowering eye, and hunched shoulders were seen emerging from the low, dark passage to the sheds into the sunny cattle-yard. Even though nothing were in sight more awful than

a clucking hen, that doorway, always agape and always dark as night, was a bad spot for a small boy to pass, with the gate of retreat closed behind him, and the gate of escape into the comfortable, safe barn-yard not yet open.

The left-hand gate, on the upper side of the barn, was the children's favorite of all the gates. The barn was built against a hill, and the roof on the upper side came down nearly to the ground. The children used to go through the left-hand gate, when, with one impulse, they decided, "Let's go and slide on the roof!"

gazing down from that thrilling height upon the familiar objects in the peaceful barn-yard. Then to turn round carefully and get into position for the glorious, downward rush over the gray, slippery shingles! It could not have been any better for the shingles than for the shoes and stockings; but no one interfered. Perhaps grandfather remembered a time when he, too, used to slide on roofs, and scour the soles of his shoes, and polish the knees of his stockings.

The upper gate had another, more lasting attraction; it opened into the lane which

went up past the barn into the orchards—the lovely, side-hill orchards. Grandfather's farm was a side-hill farm, altogether, facing the river, with its back to the sunset. If you sat down comfortably, adjusting yourself to the slope of the ground, the afternoon shadows stretched far before you; you saw the low blue mountains across the river, and the sails of sloops tacking against the breeze. One orchard led to another, through gaps in the stone fences, and the shadow of one tree met the shadow of its neighbor, across those



THE GATE OF THE BARN-YARD.

This was their summer coasting. Soles of shoes were soon polished, so that the sliders were obliged to climb up the roof on hands and knees. It was not good for stockings, and in those days there were no "knee-protectors"; mothers' darning was the only invention for keeping young knees inside of middle-aged stockings that were expected to "last out" the summer.

It was a blissful pastime, to swarm up the roof and lie, with one's chin over the ridge-pole,

long, sun-pierced aisles. The trees bent this way and that, and shifted their limbs under the autumn's burden of fruit. The children never thought of eating a whole apple, but bit one and threw it away for another that looked more tempting, and so on till their palates were torpid with tasting. Then they were swung up on top of the cold, slippery loads, and jolted down the lane to that big, upper door which opened into the loft where



the apple-bins were. Here the wagon stopped, with a heavy creak. Some one picked up a child and swung it in at the big door; some one else caught it and placed it safely on its feet at one side; and then the men began a race,—the one in the wagon bent upon filling a basket with apples and heaving it in at the door, faster than the man inside could carry it to the bin and empty it and return for the next.

These bins held the cider-apples. The apples for market were brought down in barrels from the orchards, and then the wagon-load of apples and children went through still another gate, that led to another short lane, under more apple-trees, to the fruit-house, where, in the cool, dim cellar, that smelled of all deliciousness, the fruit was sorted and boxed, or barreled, for market. And in the late afternoon, or after supper, if the children were old enough to stay up so late, they were allowed to ride on the loads of fruit to the steamboat landing.

It is needless to say that this gate, which led to the fruit-cellar, was one Jack very early learned to open. In fact it was so in the habit of being opened that it had never acquired the trick of obstinacy, and gave way at the least pull.

When Jack was rather bigger, he was allowed to cross the road with his cousin, a boy of his own age, and open the gate into Uncle Townsend's meadow. This piece of land had been many years in his grandfather's possession, but it was still called by the name of its earlier owner. Names have such a persistent habit of sticking in those long-settled communities, where there is always some one who remembers when staid old horses were colts, and gray-haired men were boys, and when the land your father was born on was part of his grandfather's farm on the ridge.

A brook, which was also the waste-way from the mill, ran across Uncle Townsend's meadow. Sometimes it overflowed into the grass and made wet places, and in these spots the grass was of a darker color, and certain wild flowers were finer than anywhere else; also certain weeds, among others the purple, rank "skunk cabbage," which the children admired without wishing to gather.

Water-cresses clung to the brookside; in the damp places the largest, whitest blood-root grew; under the brush along the fences, and by the rocks, grew the blue-eyed hepatica, coral-red columbine, and anemones, both pure white and those rare beauties with a pale



THE LANE.

pink flush. Dog-tooth violets, wild geraniums, Solomon's seal, Jack-in-the-pulpit, came in due season, and ferns of every pattern of leaf and scroll. Later, when the wet places were dry, came the tall fire-lilies, and brown-eyed Rudbeckias, "ox-eyed daisies" the children called them, together with all the delicate, flowering grass-heads, and stately bulrushes, and patches of pink and white clover,—and all over the meadow there was a sleepy sound of bees, and shadows with soft edges lost in deep waves of grass.

Of course the brook did not stop at the meadow. It went on, gurgling over the stones, dark under the willows; but there were no more gates. The brook left the home fields, and took its own way across everybody's land, to the river. That was a long walk, which Jack took only when he was much older.

Another journey, which he grew up to, by degrees, was that one to the upper barn. How many times over did he repeat his instructions before he was allowed to set out: "Go up the hill, past the mill, until you come to the first

turn to the left. Turn up that way and follow the lane straight on"—but this was a figure of speech, for no one could go straight on who followed that lane—"till you come to the three gates. Be sure to take the left-hand one of the three. Then you are all right. That gate opens into the lane that goes past the upper barn."

Near the upper barn were three sugar-

lowing spring, with broad foreheads, and curly forelocks, and clear hazel eyes, and small mouths just made for nibbling from the hand. Often, of a keen April morning, when the thawed places in the lane were covered with clinking ice, the children used to trudge at their father's side to see the lambs get their breakfast of turnips, chopped in the dark cold



ACROSS THE FIELDS.

maples—the only ones on the place which yielded sap; and in one of the neighboring fields there was a very great walnut-tree, second in size only to the old chestnut-tree in the burying ground, which was a hundred and fifty years old, and bigger round the body than three children clasping hands could span.

Those up-lying fields were rather far away for daily rambles. Jack knew them less and so cared less for them than for the home acres, which were as familiar to him as the rooms of grandfather's house.

But when grandfather's children were children, the spring lambs wintered at the upper barn; and beauteous creatures they were by the fol-

lowing spring, with broad foreheads, and curly forelocks, and clear hazel eyes, and small mouths just made for nibbling from the hand. Often, of a keen April morning, when the thawed places in the lane were covered with clinking ice, the children used to trudge at their father's side to see the lambs get their breakfast of turnips, chopped in the dark cold

hay-scented barn, while the hungry creatures bleated outside, and crowded against the door. Half the poetry of the farm-life went into the care of the sheep, and the anxieties connected with them. They were a flock of Cotswolds, carefully bred from imported stock. Their heavy fleeces made them the most helpless of creatures when driven hard, or worried by the dogs; and every neighbor's dog was a possible enemy.

On moonlight nights in spring, when watchdogs are restless, and vagabond dogs are keen for mischief, the spirit of the chase would get abroad. The bad characters would lead on the dogs of uncertain principles, and now and then

one of unspotted reputation, and the evil work would begin. When the household was asleep, a knock would be heard upon the window, and the voice of one hoarse with running would give the alarm:

"The dogs are after the sheep!"

The big brother would get down his shotgun, and the father would hunt for the ointments, the lantern, and the shears (for cutting the wool away from bleeding wounds), and together they hurried away—the avenger and the healer. Next day, more than one of the neighbors' children came weeping, to identify a missing favorite. Sometimes the innocent suffered for being found in company with the guilty. There were hard feelings on both sides—even the owners of dogs caught with the marks of guilt upon them disputed the justice of a life for a life.

There is one more gate, and then we come to the last one—the gate of the burying-ground.

That way the mothers went of an afternoon with their sewing, or the last new magazine, or the last new baby; or in the morning to borrow a cupful of yeast, or to return the last loan of a bowlful of rice, or to gather ground-ivy (it grew in Uncle Edward's yard, but not in grandfather's) to make syrup for an old cough. That way came the groups, of a winter evening, in shawls and hoods, creaking over the snow, with lantern-light and laughter, to a reading circle, or to one of those family reunions which took place whenever some relative from a distance was visiting in the neighborhood. Along that path went those dear women in haste, to offer their help in sudden, sharp emergencies: and with slower steps, again, when all was over, they went to sit with those in grief, or to consult about the last services for the dead.

That was the way the young people took on their walks in summer—the stalwart coun-



THE PATH OVER THE HILL.

A path went over the hill which divided grandfather's house from that of his elder brother, whose descendants continued to live there after him. Uncle Edward's children were somewhat older, and his grandchildren were younger than grandfather's children; but, though slightly mismatched as to ages, the two households were in great accord. The path crossed the "line fence" by a little gate in the stone wall, and this was the gate of family visiting.

try boys and their pretty city cousins in fresh muslins, with light, high voices, pitched to the roar of the street. That way went the nutting parties in the fall, and the skating parties in winter. All the boys and girls of both houses grew up opening and shutting that gate on one errand or another, from the little white-headed lad with the mail to the soldier cousin coming across to say good-by.

Between the two neighboring homes was the

family burying-ground; so that all this pleasant intercourse went on with the silent cognizance and sympathy, as it were, of the forefathers who trod the path no more. The burying-ground was by far the best spot for a resting-place, on either of the farms,—in a hollow of the hills, with a stone fence all round, draped as if to deaden sound, with heavy festoons of woodbine. Above the gray granite and white marble tombstones, the locust-trees rose, tall and still. The beds of myrtle, underneath, were matted into a continuous carpet of thick, shining leaves, which caught the sunlight, at broad noon, with a peculiar pale glister like moonlight. The chestnut-tree stood a little apart, with one great arm outstretched as if calling

attention, or asking for silence. Yet no child ever hushed its laughter, as it passed the little gate with the gray pickets, overhung by a climbing rose, which opened into the burying-ground; and when, in the autumn, the old chestnut-tree dropped its nuts, the children never hesitated to go in that way and gather them because of the solemn neighborhood. They had grown up in the presence of these memorials of the beloved dead. But no one ever opened that gate without at least a momentary thoughtfulness. No one ever slammed it, in anger or in haste. And so it became a dumb teacher of reverence—a daily reminder to be quiet, to be gentle, for the sake of those at rest on the other side of the wall.

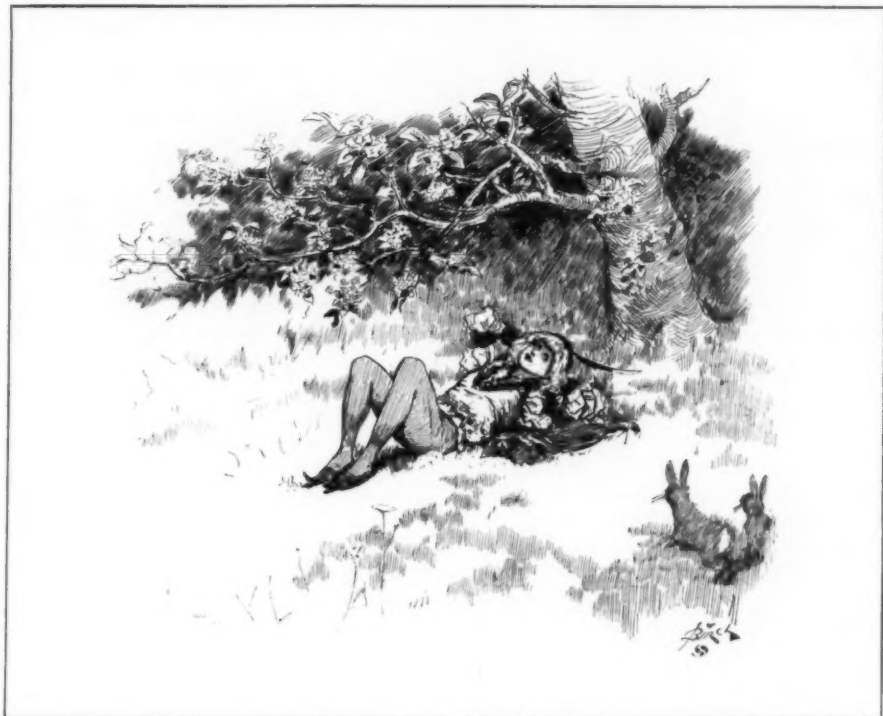


THE little page, Ralph, lay under a tree,  
Gazing up into the sky.  
A very blithe little foot-page was he;  
His hair was yellow as it could be,  
And blue was his sparkling eye.

His little round cap was red as a rose;  
His doublet was bottle-green.  
Silken and soft were his crimson hose;  
His queer little shoes turned up at the toes;  
And his cloak had a velvet sheen.

He mused as he lay there: "My lord, the king,  
I heard the herald proclaim,  
Has lost the stone from his signet-ring;  
And whosoever the stone will bring,  
Whatever his state, or name,

"Then the herald will lead me away by the hand,  
And cry in his loudest voice:  
'Here is the brightest foot-page in the land!  
His the treasure and palace grand!  
In him doth the king rejoice.'



"Shall have, henceforth, at his command  
Jewels and raiment fine.  
His name shall be honored in all the land;  
His home, a palace superbly grand.  
These splendors shall all be mine.

"The other foot-page is so dull, and so slow,—  
Oh, Rodna's a dreadful dunce! —  
He never will find the stone, I know;  
Bless me! he does n't know where to go.  
I'll hie me away at once.

"I'll go where the king sat yesternight  
To hear the minstrel sing;  
For the ground is strewn with violets white,  
And he clapped his hands with all his might;  
And there I shall find the ring.

"My life will be joyous and free from care,  
For of course I shall find the stone;  
And far away in the future fair,  
Perhaps I shall wed the Princess Claire,—  
And even come to the throne."

So musing and planning, the page lay there,  
Gazing up into the sky;  
Building such wonderful castles in air,  
They far exceeded the palace fair —  
And the midday hour drew nigh.

Then gaily the little foot-page uprose,  
And took his way to the town;  
Skipping along on his queer little toes  
And saying, "Perhaps before night—who  
knows? —  
In my palace I'll lay me down."





But alas, and alas, for the day-dreams bright!  
 Alas, for the palace fair!  
 As he entered the town, with a footstep light,  
 He beheld a most bewildering sight:  
 The beautiful Princess Claire

Was leading a little foot-page by the hand;  
 While the herald, with loudest voice,  
 Cried, "Here is the brightest foot-page in the  
 land!  
 His is the treasure and palace grand!  
 In him doth the king rejoice.

"And the king, my master, doth bid me say  
 To each, and every one,  
 'Go clothe yourself in your best array,  
 For the finest feast will be given to-day,  
 That ever was under the sun.'"

Then the other foot-page went home alone,—  
 Sadder and wiser he,—  
 And donned his holiday dress with a groan.  
 For Rodna had sought, and found the  
 stone,  
 While Ralph lay under the tree.



## THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### "BOATS WANTED."

TOBY was like a bird escaped from its cage, when he went home and told his mother and sister how he had regained his freedom, and found that they approved his conduct.

The story of the twenty-dollar note, which sounds commonplace enough to us, drew from the widow tears of joy and pride.

"Oh, my son!" she said, "the growth in manhood you will gain by such a high-minded, upright course will be worth to you more than any money can be. I have great happiness in you, my dear, dear boy!" embracing him affectionately.

"Toby!" said Mildred, laughing, but with bright tears in her eyes, "you're a trump!"

Toby freed himself from the fond embrace (boys of sixteen do not like demonstrative affection from even their own mothers), winked hard, choked, laughed, and said:

"Guess I'll go and hoe those beans!"

He had hardly ever been happier in his life than when at work that forenoon in the garden; or when, after dinner, he shouldered an ax and, with hammer and nails, and saw, went (as he expressed it to Aleck) to "tinker up" his wharf.

This was a simple structure, consisting of two or three planks supported by stakes, at the foot of the short street leading down to the lake. As the stakes were subject to the wrenching force of the ice in winter, it was nearly always necessary to right them, or drive new ones, the following season.

He was working and whistling, with his feet bare and his trousers-legs turned up, when Lick Stevens sounded his bell, and leaped from his bicycle to the beach, by Toby's side.

"I thought I'd come around and help you,"

he said, laying his wheel over on the slope of the shore. "How 's the water? I have n't been in it this summer. Have you?"

"Well, rather!" said Toby, with a humorous smile.

"Oh, yes! I forgot. I meant, in a-swimming. Let me help you straighten up that stake."

"All right," said Toby, "if you'll press against it with this bean-pole for a lever, while I knock it with the ax-head."

He was rather surprised to see Lick take hold as if he really meant to assist him. Benevolence was not one of that young man's distinguishing traits, and Toby strongly suspected him of coming from some other motive.

It was n't long before Lick threw down the bean-pole, and went to meet Bob Brunswick who came lounging along the shore. They had a little whispering and laughing talk together, which Toby believed was about himself. He paid no attention to it, however, and soon both came to watch him at his work, and now and then to lend a hand.

In a short time Yellow Jacket and Butter Ball appeared; and there was more whispering and tittering between them and the first-comers.

"They've got some joke they're keeping from me," thought Toby; "but I won't let them see that I mind it."

Rebuilding a wharf was so little like a common job of work, that even Yellow Jacket took hold and helped. All were in the best of spirits, as boys usually are when working together; gossiping and joking about the loss of the scow, Tom and his twenty-dollar bank note, and especially about Tom's unblacked boots. There were also private whisperings and winkings among the rest, that puzzled Toby.

The sight of a boat coming across the water seemed to excite this mysterious merriment to a very high pitch. Evidently some extraordinary joke was anticipated, and became more

and more certain of fulfilment, as the boat approached. They would set to work and leave off, explode with laughter and turn suddenly sober; look at each other and at Toby and the boat, in a way that finally wore out his patience.

"What is all the fun about?" he said, endeavoring not to betray his vexation. "Can't you tell, and let me snicker like an idiot, too?"

Lick Stevens, though the prime mover in the mischief, had more self-control than the rest. With mock gravity, but with a dancing light in his eyes, he said something about the awkward way in which the man rowed.

"He 's pulling straight here!" said Bob Brunswick, with a nudge of his elbow in Butter Ball's fat ribs.

"It 's somebody from Three Springs," observed Yellow Jacket. "I 've seen that boat. It 's a good model, but it does n't begin to be so good a model as mine. I tell ye, my boat—"

He stopped bragging to laugh. Indeed all laughed again, except Toby, who declared that he could n't, for the life of him, see anything to be so silly about.

He returned to his work, and was nailing the planks to the replaced stakes, when the boat rounded to, with a splash of paddles, within a few yards of the wharf.

"Who is there over here that wants a boat?" asked the oarsman, addressing the boys.

This question produced an astonishing effect. Lick Stevens grinned maliciously. Yellow Jacket choked, and rushed to capture a wasp on some weeds by the bank. Bob Brunswick stuffed his sleeve into his mouth, while Butter Ball rolled over on the beach.

Nobody answered. Toby rose from his kneeling posture, and stood on the edge of his wharf.

"Who is Tom Tazwell? Is he a son of the storekeeper?" asked the man, resting on his oars. He seemed somewhat disgusted at the way his first question had been received by the others, and addressed himself to Toby. "Or Toby Trafford? Where can I find one or both of them?"

"You find one of them here," replied Toby.

"I saw your notice posted at the Springs," said the man.

"My notice? at the Springs?" Toby echoed wonderingly.

"Yes," said the man; "'Boats wanted.'"

"Boats!" exclaimed Toby.

"Apply at once to Tom Tazwell or Toby Trafford, at Lakesend," the man in the skiff added. "Is this Tazwell, or Trafford?"

"I am Trafford," said Toby, the blood rushing hotly into his face.

He stooped and drove a nail into a plank, where no nail was needed; bending and breaking it, and hammering it down, in a singularly irrational and reckless manner. He would have been glad if a few of the nails that grew on his companions' fingers had been in its place.

He understood the situation perfectly, and mastered his chagrin in a moment. Some of his acquaintances had taken a foolish pleasure in laughing at him, at every opportunity, for burning up Mr. Brunswick's scow; and their wit had evidently culminated in this sorry practical joke.

If such a notice had been posted as the man described, he felt sure that Lick Stevens had had a hand in the mischief, and that he had told the other boys about it. Determined that they should not see he was annoyed, he rose up, wiped his forehead, set his hat on one side, and said:

"So you saw the notice?"

"Yes," said the man; "and as I have a boat to sell, I thought I would row across and let you look at it."

Yellow Jacket had by this time come back with the wasp in his grimy fist. Butter Ball sat up on the beach; Bob Brunswick was able to take the sleeve out of his mouth; Aleck's smile became a little uncertain, and all listened.

"What 's the matter with your boat that you want to dispose of it?" Toby asked.

"Nothing whatever, only I am buying a larger one, a sail-boat, and I don't care to keep two. This one carries a sail," said the man, rowing alongside the wharf, to show the place for the mast; "but it is built more particularly for a rowboat."

"Why did n't you bring the sail with you, if you have one?" Toby inquired.

"Because there is no wind, and the sail is a little in the way when I row," replied the man. "The sail, a rudder, this pair of oars, and the rowlocks, go with the boat."

"For how much?"

"Thirty dollars."

"That's too much for an old boat like that," said Toby, with a shrewd air of bargaining.

The man said the boat was only two years old, and came down presently three dollars in his price.

"If you'll say twenty-five dollars, I can't say certainly — I shall wait to consult a friend first — but I think," said Toby, "I'll come over and look at your sail."

"What I offer you," replied the owner, "cost fifty-five dollars in cash, two years ago. But I don't mind, if you'll let me hear from you in a day or two."

"All right," said Toby, looking the boat carefully over; "I'll see you to-morrow or next day."

"That will do," said the man, rowing away. "Good-day."

"Good-afternoon," said Toby, lifting his old straw hat and waving it.

Then he turned to his companions. It was now his turn to laugh, and theirs to appear puzzled.

"Lignum-vitæ, Toby!" Lick exclaimed, with a sardonic squint, "I did n't know you wanted a boat, and I don't believe you do."

"I have a friend who wants one," replied Toby, keenly enjoying the outcome of the joke, which a timely recollection of the schoolmaster had enabled him to turn against those who would have made him its victim.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"NOT A VERY GOOD DAY FOR BOATS, EITHER."

"AND did you — was it you?" — stammered Bob Brunswick, in stupid astonishment, "that posted all them notices?"

"All *them* notices?" Toby repeated, with contempt for the false syntax.

"There's one on our ice-house," said Bob.

"And one in the post-office, Lick says," struck in Butter Ball, while Lick scowled and tried to hush him up.

"Why, who do you imagine took the trouble to post them, if I did n't?" said Toby, with a smile, looking hard at Aleck. "Come, boys!" he added, good-naturedly, "now you're all here, suppose you help me get my boat down into the water."

To this they readily agreed, following him to the barn, where four pairs of hands took hold of the boat, to lift and haul and steady it on its keel, under which were placed rollers cut from a bean-pole.

These rollers Toby shifted as the boat passed over them, carrying them forward as they were left behind; in this way it was dragged out of the barn, across the yard into the street, and down the street to the lake, where it was launched, stern foremost, almost without stopping.

"Well, boys!" said Toby, as he made fast the painter to a ring in the wharf, "that's a good job, and I'm much obliged to you. I don't believe she's going to leak a drop! I must anchor a float out there, to carry the stern line to, and keep her from chafing."

"I jest haul mine up ag'inst the willer-tree," said Yellow Jacket, standing on the wharf, with his suspenders showing conspicuously crossed on his yellow flannel shirt, "and let her chafe. You've painted the 'Milly' up nice enough for Sundays. But for an every-day boat, a boat for a feller like me, give me the 'Bluebird' every time."

That was the name of his craft, which, according to tradition, had been originally painted blue, though it had been painted various colors since, as they came handy, and been knocked about, losing parts of the outer coats in spots, until Toby had suggested that a more appropriate name for it would be the "Ring-streaked-and-speckled bird."

"This is my boat," said Lick Stevens, standing beside his bicycle, which he was preparing to push up the slope of the street. "I'd rather have it than — Hallo! what does the doctor want, driving down here?"

The boys recognized Dr. Patty's well-known covered buggy, and Dr. Patty himself who, pulling rein at the foot of the street, put his head out of the hood to speak to Toby.

"Is n't that your boat?" he said, looking at the Milly.

"I call it mine," replied Toby.

"I don't suppose it's my business to ask what you want of more boats," said the doctor; "but I saw that notice in the post-office —"

"Oh!" said Toby, keeping a steady countenance, while his companions tittered sheepishly.

"And as I have a boat in my shed, which is of no earthly use to anybody since Ned went away, I'd like to get rid of it."

"Pretty well dried up, is n't it?" said Toby, not knowing what else to say to this surprising offer.

"It's dry enough to make a good fire, if that's what you're securing more boats for," said the doctor, with quiet pleasantry.

or four days?" Toby inquired, with a business-like air that surprised the boys more and more.

"Certainly," said the doctor. "I don't suppose anybody else will be after it. Here, you rascal!"

Which last remark was not addressed to the boy, by any means, but to the doctor's horse, as he was putting his head down to nip a bunch of grass on the edge of the bank. The doctor



"TOBY SHIFTED THE ROLLERS AS THE BOAT PASSED OVER THEM."

"That's what some foolish people seem to think I want boats for," Toby replied, severely. "But I've got through making bonfires of that sort this season; they're too expensive. What's the price, Dr. Patty?"

The doctor hesitated a moment. "I sha'n't drive a hard bargain with you, Toby. Say ten dollars. I suppose it will cost five more to paint and putty it, and put it into repair."

"Will you give me the refusal of it for three

pulled him up, turned the buggy, disappeared within the hood, shook the reins, and drove back up the street.

"Well, boys! what do you think of it, as far as you've got?" said Toby, cheerfully.

"You must have a good many friends who want boats," replied Lick Stevens.

"I seem to have friends that want me to buy up all the boats on the lake," said Toby. "I'll do my best to please 'em. I'll get up a corner



in boats, likely as not! I wonder if here is n't another one!"

An old gentleman came tramping along the shore, walking stiffly, with a stout cane.

"Is it a quiz, or what?" he said, coming to a halt before the group of staring boys,— "that notice in the post-office? I went to Tazwell's Tom to ask about it, and he was mad as a hatter! He seemed to think I meant to insult him."

"You won't insult me," said Toby, keeping a sober countenance, though he was chuckling inwardly. "What is it, Mr. Holden?"

"Why, that notice of 'Boats wanted,'" said the lame man. "Tom said it must be your doings, or some rogue's that was trying to fool both of you. But as I've got a boat—"

Toby's companions all laughed, and it was more than he could do to keep from joining with them.

"I did n't know you had a boat, Mr. Holden," he said, struggling to compose his features.

"It ain't mine," said the lame man; "it belongs to Mr. Aikin, who has boarded with me for two summers."

"Oh, I know him, and I know the skiff," said Toby.

"He has written me that he ain't coming back, this summer, and he 'd like to let it to somebody that will take good care of it, and pay a few dollars for it."

"How many dollars?" said Toby.

"He leaves that to me," replied the lame man. "It 's a very good Whitehall boat. If you want it, and will keep it in repair, there won't be any trouble about terms."

"All right," cried Toby. "Will you keep it for me till I go around and look at it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Holden,— "if it ain't a quiz, as I said before."

"It 's no quiz at all, as far as I am concerned," said Toby. "Where is the boat?"

"Turned bottom up behind my house, with some boards over it."

"I 'll come over there very soon. That 's how many?" said Toby, as the old gentleman limped away. "One—two—three" (counting on his fingers)— "and it does n't seem to be a very good day for boats, either! Don't you

think it would be a good plan, Lick, for you to hop on your bicycle, and ride around and take down those notices? They won't worry me at all, if you leave them; but they may put some worthy people to unnecessary trouble, as I have all the boats engaged now that I can think of any use for."

"I know what use you mean to put 'em to," said Yellow Jacket, turning away with a sour look.

Toby was on the point of retorting, "Then you know more than I do"; but he merely laughed.

He was unwilling that his companions should think him less completely a master of the situation than he appeared. And indeed, such an answer would not have been altogether sincere. The idea had in fact occurred to him, which had been guessed by the wasp-catcher; although Toby was not yet ready to admit, even to himself, that he entertained it seriously.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### YELLOW JACKET CHANGES HIS MIND.

Toby felt eager to talk with Mr. Allerton about it, since it was to him he was indebted for the original suggestion.

Now that Yellow Jacket had suffered the opportunity to pass, why should not he, Toby Trafford, keep a few boats to let, until he could find some more desirable occupation? He did not suspect that Yellow Jacket had begun to think better of the slighted proposal, the moment he saw a chance of its being taken up by another; and that the thought of it had come back buzzing about that tousled head, stinging him worse than if it had been one of his own hornets.

"It seemed just the thing for *him*," Toby said to himself, after his companions were gone. "And why not for *me*? Milly will laugh, I know, and say it is beneath me. But I guess it is n't worse than blacking Tom Tazwell's boots!"

He would not venture to mention the plan to his sister, nor even to his mother, before consulting the schoolmaster. He accordingly put on his coat, and was on his way to Mr. Allerton's boarding-house, when he had the good fortune to meet the schoolmaster on the street.

"I have something very particular to say to you, if you have a little time to spare," said the boy, with a shining countenance.

"I have plenty of time," his friend replied. "It is vacation now; and we are at the longest days in the year. Leisure is a luxury, to teachers as well as to pupils, after long confinement in the school-room; it is sweet, when it is well earned. But what does Shakspeare say?"

'If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work.'

You are having a vacation, too, it seems."

"Then you have heard the news," said Toby, "about my leaving the store?"

"The truth is," said Mr. Allerton, "I called there this afternoon, to ask you a question concerning a certain matter, when I was told, rather gruffly, by your friend Tom, that you were not there any more. On the whole, I was n't much surprised nor very sorry to hear it."

"I am glad to hear you say that," Toby exclaimed. "Tom's boots—and the twenty-dollar bill—there's a long story about them. But tell me first what was the question you wished to ask?"

"Why," said the schoolmaster, "about that notice in the post-office. Did you have anything to do with putting it up?"

Toby chuckled hysterically, while trying to shape his mouth for a reply.

"I judged not," Mr. Allerton went on; "and when I saw some boys laughing over it, I concluded it must be a stupid joke somebody had attempted to play at your expense. What do you know about it?"

"That's one thing I wanted to tell you. And the funny thing that has come of it! But I can't talk of it here on the street," said Toby, laughing at every word.

"Let's go down by the lake; that's my favorite walk," said Mr. Allerton.

"Suppose we go through Mr. Holden's place; there's something I want to show you," replied Toby.

They entered a shady yard, and the boy, knocking at a side door, asked for Mr. Holden, who, however, was not at home.

"I want to show this gentleman Mr. Aikin's Whitehall boat," Toby said to the servant. And,

without more ado, he took his friend to the north side of the house.

There they found the skiff, as Mr. Holden had described it, turned bottom up, and protected from the weather by a covering of loose boards set aslant against the gable. Some of these boards Toby removed, while he told with outbursts of glee how this boat and two others had been offered to him that afternoon.

Mr. Allerton listened with lively interest and entertainment. They examined the paint and seams, which they found in a satisfactory condition. And the schoolmaster said, patting the little coil of hair under his hat:

"Now, all this means something. What do you think it is, Toby?"

"It means, for one thing," said Toby, "that if you want to buy a boat, or merely to hire one for the season, you can have one on almost your own terms."

"I am glad you thought of me, Toby." The teacher stood with his arms behind him, his blue frock-coat jauntily buttoned, the pink in the buttonhole fresh and fragrant, and looked at the skiff contemplatively. "But did you think of anything else?"

"Yes," said Toby, "I thought of what you proposed to Yellow Jacket."

"Well?" said Mr. Allerton, regarding him curiously.

"And I wondered—whether,"—Toby stammered a little,—“since he declined it, whether it would be a very bad thing for me?"

Mr. Allerton clapped him on the shoulder.

"Toby, you've hit it!"

Toby laughed excitedly.

"Do you think so? Is n't it absurd? What will people say?"

"No matter what they say. It is n't absurd at all. I know, from talks I have had with people, that there is a demand for just that sort of thing. Here you are, out of business; and here it is, raining boats, so to speak, most unexpectedly and most opportunely, just as you happen to need them. I wonder it has n't occurred to you before."

"It has," said Toby. "When you first mentioned it as something that might suit Yellow Jacket, I thought for a moment you were going to propose it to me."

"You were in my mind all the time," Mr. Allerton replied. "But I was n't quite sure it would strike you favorably. Then, of course, it is n't anything you should look at as a permanent business. It promises to be profitable for only about three months in the year, during the season of summer boarders, and I would n't have advised you to give up any other employment to undertake it. Now put back the boards and let 's go and look at Dr. Patty's boat."

On the way, Toby told the sequel to the story of the twenty-dollar note, to the master's extreme gratification.

"It is what I believed you would do," he said, "and I am all the better pleased that you should have done it without waiting to be advised by anybody."

"You gave me something better than advice," Toby answered. "You made me see so clearly what it is always best *not* to do in such cases, that the straightforward course seemed the only one left. I feel that I have got the full value of the money out of it; and now Tom and his father are welcome to the paltry bank-note."

He could laugh, and call it "paltry," and yet the twenty dollars he must now work to earn, to pay for the scow, appeared to him anything but a trifle.

"You will never regret it," said the schoolmaster. "And now—you won't be offended, will you, if I say something that may seem like taking a liberty? If you need a little money to pay Mr. Brunswick, or to secure the boats that you have taken the refusal of, it will give me pleasure to lend it to you."

"Oh, Mr. Allerton!" Toby exclaimed, with an outburst of gratitude.

"I was ready to do as much for Yellow Jacket, if I had seen him take hold of the thing in earnest; and why should n't I do it for you?"

"Because I have done nothing to deserve such kindness, and can do nothing to repay it!" murmured Toby, his eyes filling.

"You will have opportunity enough to repay it, if not to me, then to somebody who needs help when you are able to lend it," said Mr. Allerton. "Now, here 's another thing," he said, hastening to change the conversation, as a loaded omni-

bus rolled up to the railroad station, opposite the end of the short street in which Toby lived. "These people have just come back from the Three Springs. A bus-load went over at two o'clock. I noticed the same yesterday and the day before. The company will soon have to put on two or three busses."

"It is growing to be a big business, all since the railroad was built," said Toby.

"Now look here!" Mr. Allerton resumed. "It is nearly two miles around to the Springs, by the road. It is less than a mile across the lake. How many of these excursionists, do you suppose, would prefer a rowboat, or a sailboat, to an omnibus, in fine weather? Is n't here an opportunity to pick up a little business, Toby?"

"If one could only let them know there are boats waiting for them!" said Toby, entering eagerly into the scheme.

"We can manage that," said Mr. Allerton. "Here is this fence, right in sight of passengers as they come out of the station. Does n't your friend Yellow Jacket live here?"

"Yes; that is Mrs. Patterson, taking clothes from the line," replied Toby.

"For a small consideration she will let you put up a sign on her fence—BOATS TO THREE SPRINGS—with a hand pointing down your street. And no doubt she or some of her family will be glad to answer inquiries, and direct people to the lake. Perhaps you can make Yellow Jacket himself useful. There he is now, coming out of the door!"

The wasp-catcher came and leaned over the fence, and spoke to the schoolmaster.

"Mr. Allerton," he said, resting on his elbows in an uneasy attitude, and speaking with some embarrassment, "I 've been thinking that thing over, you spoke to me about, and I rather guess I 'll try it."

Toby was astounded. Mr. Allerton put his hand up under his hat, and arranged his top-knot.

"Well, Patterson!" he replied, "this takes me somewhat by surprise. I had quite given you up. You declined it so very positively, you know."

"I 've had time to think it over," said Yellow Jacket; "and I 've changed my mind."

"I 'm a little afraid you are late in coming

to a different decision," Mr. Allerton answered reluctantly. "I'll see what can be done, however. Now is n't this vexatious?" he said to Toby as they walked on.

"It is only since he has seen me getting the boats, that he has changed his mind," said Toby, with a disappointed look. "Do you think I ought to step out and leave him the chance?"

"We'll see about that," Mr. Allerton replied. "Let's go and look at Dr. Patty's boat, all the same."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### "FOUR-LEAVED CLOVERS."

DR. PATTY was at home; he conducted his visitors to the barn, threw open the doors, and showed the boat, half-full of litter, and covered with a thick coat of dust. He took out of it a bucket, a milking-stool, a horse-collar, a rake, two or three old brooms, and a pair of oars; then raked out and swept out enough of the straw and the hayseed to exhibit, as he said, "the anatomy of the animal."

"The ribs are all sound," he remarked, "and it was a very good boat, when Ned had the care of it. He thought everything of it, and I used to enjoy an evening on the lake in it myself. But all that is over," he added with a sigh. "I don't suppose Ned will ever use it again; and I have n't the heart to."

"Where is Ned?" Mr. Allerton inquired.

"Studying his profession abroad; walking the hospitals of Paris, at the present time. Ned is a good boy," the doctor went on, "and he writes to us every week. But he is an only child—and—" the doctor faltered a little, "we miss him!"

"No doubt, no doubt!" said Mr. Allerton, with kindly sympathy. "But if he is a good boy—"

"Yes, I know how much we have to be thankful for!" exclaimed the doctor. "So many sons, possessing his advantages, with the hopes and affections of their families, fling them all away in their reckless pursuit of what they call a good time! Yes, I am grateful for such a boy as Ned."

Mr. Allerton gave Toby a significant touch on the shoulder. It seemed to say, "You are

a good son, too, and a blessing to your mother, and I hope you always will be!"

"It seems to be a pretty good boat; don't you think so, Tobias?" said the schoolmaster. "And ten dollars appears to be a reasonable price for it."

"You don't suppose I would want to make a dollar out of Toby here?—the son of one of the best friends I ever had!" replied Dr. Patty. "I would sooner give him the boat."

"I am sure you would," said Mr. Allerton. "Now, what do you say to letting him take it, give it a coat of paint, see what he can do with it, and pay for it if he keeps it; or return it in good condition, if a little experiment he thinks of trying does n't turn out to be a success?"

"That will do; if he will agree not to burn it up," said the doctor, with a pleasant twinkle.

"It's my rule to pay for the boats I burn up, if nobody else does," said Toby, smiling.

"How about Brunswick's boat?"

"I suppose that will take about twenty dollars out of my pocket."

"That's too bad!" said Dr. Patty. "Don't the Tazwells pay something?"

"Not a cent," Toby replied, and explained why.

The doctor was indignant. "Now, see here, Toby!" he said, "don't give yourself the least trouble to pay for this boat, whether you burn it or not. Fact is, I believe nothing would please Ned more than for me to make you a present of it."

"Oh, I won't ask that!" said Toby. "If I make anything out of it, I shall prefer to pay for it."

Mr. Allerton explained what it was proposed to do with it; and inquired the best way of getting it into the water.

"Right under it here," said the doctor, "is a kind of shoe, or drag, made of a couple of planks, which Ned nailed together for that very purpose." And he kicked away some litter.

"Why, yes; this will do," said the schoolmaster, "if we can hitch a horse to it."

"My horse has been hitched to it more than once, and can be again, when you are ready to take it."

"I'd like to take it now!" said Toby, with a bashful laugh.

The doctor flung a fragment of harness on his horse, in an adjoining stall, and brought out a whiffletree and a rope; the hitching up was quickly done, and in ten minutes the boat was on its way to the lake. Mr. Allerton walked behind, and Toby on one side, to steady it on the drag, while the doctor led his horse,—a small procession, much stared at as it passed through the village.

Some of his late pupils smiled to see the schoolmaster's white hand grasping the dusty rail, and streaks of cobwebs embroidering the blue frock coat. But there was one face that took on a morose expression.

"Yellow Jacket looks bilious," said Toby, as they turned down Water street.

"I'll cure him of that," said Mr. Allerton. "Nothing eases the heartache like doing a kindness to the person who has caused it. Come, Patterson!" he called out cheerily, "will you lend a hand?"

Yellow Jacket, standing in his mother's yard, sulked and scowled for a moment; then set his lips with sudden resolution, walked to the fence, put his hands upon it, and cleared it like an athlete, and with half a dozen swift strides placed himself beside the schoolmaster.

"This ain't no work for you," he said; "you're getting your clothes all over dust."

"That's nothing; it will brush off," Mr. Allerton replied, giving way to the wasp-catcher. "What a muscular arm you have, Patterson!"

To be called something besides "Yellow Jacket" or "Josh,"—to be addressed as "Pat-



YELLOW JACKET HELPS TOBY WITH HIS BOAT. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

terson," in the respectful tone the schoolmaster always employed,—was a novel sensation to the village idler. At the lake-side he waved off both the doctor and Mr. Allerton, who offered to assist, and, lifting the boat by the stern, swung it around, hauled it into the water by main strength, and sent it afloat with so vigorous a push that Toby very nearly went into the lake with it.

Mr. Allerton dusted his clothes with his hand-



kerchief, removed a cobweb epaulet from his shoulder, and remarked:

"You are a young Hercules, Patterson!"

Yellow Jacket did n't know just what a Hercules was, young or old; but he was pleased to understand that his strength was complimented, and replied: "If you have any more boats to launch, bring 'em on!"

"There is one more, if the doctor will kindly lend us his horse," said Mr. Allerton. "I think we might take that Whitehall boat, even if Mr. Holden is not at home."

Dr. Patty was willing both to lend his horse, and to go himself and guide him; and so a third boat was soon afloat beside the other two.

The doctor's boat was by this time full of water, and Toby proposed that it should be hauled out again, to give him a chance to wash it.

"That's a good idea," the doctor said, as he led his horse away.

"The Whitehall will do to use, after you have scoured it up a little," said Mr. Allerton. "Then when you have your other boats in service, you can paint it at your leisure. No, Tobias," he went on, answering the question Toby had put to him when they were on the way to the doctor's; "I don't think it is your duty to withdraw now, and give anybody else your chance. For that is what he proposed to do for you, Patterson, as soon as you told us you had changed your mind."

"It's jest my luck!" Yellow Jacket grumbled. "Luck is always against me."

"Is that so, Patterson?"

"Yes; I don't know why it is. I can find more four-leaved clovers than any other feller in town. That's a sign of good luck, you know, so I always think my luck is coming, but somehow it never does."

"Perhaps you spend too much time catching wasps and hunting four-leaved clovers, instead of doing with right good will those things that command what you call luck. That does n't depend upon signs, but upon something in ourselves. Fortune may seem a little capricious

sometimes, but, after all, it is character and conduct that make the man."

It was a habit the schoolmaster had, to talk to boys in this way, in or out of school; but he generally had the good sense to make his sermons short. He picked off a last bit of cobweb from his sleeve, arranged the coil of hair under his hat, and went on:

"I fancy it will be as well for you in the end, Patterson, if Tobias has the management of this thing, now that he has taken hold of it. While you were hesitating and holding back, he sailed in, like the early bird that catches the worm."

"The worm came to him, without much sailing in on his part," replied Yellow Jacket, his tawny eyes lighting up with a gleam of triumph. "I mean the boats. Was n't that luck?"

"He made it luck, by being ready to take advantage of it. But you remember, Patterson, I said to you once, that the lack of boats, or of a little money, need n't stand in your way if you decided to take hold of the enterprise. Now, Toby, we will say, holds the stroke-oar. But I am persuaded there will be more business than he can attend to; and when he needs help he will gladly call on you."

"That I will!" cried Toby.

"No, you won't do no such thing," replied Yellow Jacket, his headlong negatives following one another like sheep over a broken wall; "for I ain't going to pull no second-oar nor play no second-fiddle to nobody! No, sirree!"

With which declaration of independence he turned defiantly away.

"The Fourth of July is near, but I would n't give utterance to such sentiments, even on that proud day," said the schoolmaster, with a serious meaning in his good-humored smile. "Wait a moment, Patterson. Let's help Toby haul the doctor's boat out of the water; then I will walk up the street with you."

The young Hercules put forth his strength again, and pulled the boat up on the gravelly shore. Then he turned and walked moodily away, accompanied by the schoolmaster who was talking to him in a low tone.

(To be continued.)

# The Merrythought

By  
Margaret Johnson.



King COLIN and his gracious  
Queen

(A goodlier couple ne'er  
was seen,

Devoted, young, and fair)  
Were never known to disagree,  
So perfect was the harmony  
Between the loving pair.

But, as it  
chanced,  
one hap-  
less day,  
While at the  
royal table  
they  
Were din-  
ing, well  
content,  
The butler  
placed be-  
fore the  
King



A roasted fowl — a luscious thing,  
Of richness redolent.

King Colin smiled, as well he might ;  
He had an honest appetite

As honest monarchs ought,—  
And to his wife said he, "What part  
Do you prefer, my dearest heart ?"  
Said she, "The Merrythought !"

In grieved surprise the King laid down  
His knife and fork, and with a frown

Pushed back his plate of delf.

"You do forget," said he, "I fear,  
That is the very part, my dear,  
I always take myself !"

"But you will surely not refuse  
Your dear whatever she may choose !"  
The Queen rebuking cried.  
Still mild, but firm, he shook his head,  
"I must have that or none !" he said ;  
And she the same replied.

Then, shocked this discord to behold,  
Though on the board the fowl grew cold,  
A reverend Priest they sought ;  
And while he listened, grave and mute,  
Poured forth the tale of their dispute  
About the Merrythought.



With smile benign, "Let this," said he,  
"Henceforth your kindly contest be:

Which shall be first to yield!  
Each vie with each in generous strife,  
So shall you lead a peaceful life,  
And all your woes be healed."

They thanked  
the man of  
robe and  
cowl,

And, ordering  
straight another fowl,  
Sat quickly  
down once  
more

With spirits light  
and faces  
gay

And hunger  
sharpened  
by delay;  
And smiling,  
as before,



"You'll take the Merrythought, my dear!"

The King remarked, in accents clear.

But "Nay!" she cried, "not so!

*That* you shall eat, yourself, my love!"

"Indeed it shall be yours, my dove.

It was your choice you know!"

"But I would yield!" "And so would I!"

Alas! the wordy war ran high,

And sore was their dismay.

The Queen retired in tears and gloom;

The King, distracted, paced the room;

The fowl untasted lay.

It chanced that near the palace gate,  
A Sage of reputation great

His lonely tower had placed;

And now, by fearful doubts appalled,

The King this man with joy recalled,

And sent for him in haste.

He came, he heard, he mused awhile,  
Then spoke, with neither tear nor smile  
Upon his features grim:

"The truly wise lifts up no voice  
Of clamorous will; he knows no choice,  
All things are one to him.

"Nor good nor bad he owns, and hence  
Preserves a wise indifference.

This do, and live serene!"

Then on their royal knees they fell,

Their fervent gratitude to tell,

Their joyful tears between.

Once more a  
smoking fowl  
adorned

The board so  
late in sorrow  
scorned.

Down sat the  
royal pair.

"Now," cried the  
King, and  
waved his  
knife,

"What will you  
have, my dear-  
est life?"

Said she, "I  
do not care!"



His visage fell,—he looked perplexed.

"But really, now," he cried, half vexed,

"This plan will never work!

I *must* cut *something*, don't you see?

And if I suit nor you nor me,

But both the question shirk,—

"Why, by my crown, I think we'll go  
Till doomsday hungry, quibbling so!

Come, quickly, love, decide!"

And still she sobbed, with tearful voice,

"I do not care,—I have no choice!"

And he the same replied.

Then rose the King, in fierce despair,  
And ground his teeth, and tore his hair,  
With rage and hunger mad.

The servants from his presence crept,  
The butler hid his face and wept;

The Queen hysterics had.



When things had reached this pretty state,  
Loud slammed the outer palace-gate,  
And with his cup-and-ball  
The Fool, a man of merry ways,  
The King's delight on holidays,  
Came strolling down the hall.

"What, ho!" he cried, "What's happened now?  
Frowns, Sire, upon your royal brow!  
Her Majesty in tears!  
The dinner waiting — put to slight,  
The servants gone! — why, such a sight  
I have not seen for years!"

With sigh and groan, they told their tale,  
Nor scorned their misery to bewail  
With tears that fast did run —  
To mourn their dinner unenjoyed,  
Their sweet domestic bliss destroyed,  
Their harmony undone.

But ere they had repeated half  
Their woes, the Fool began to laugh  
And shake his sides with glee.  
He turned and twisted round about  
Till all his little bells rang out,  
And tinkled waggishly.

"I'm but a Fool," he cried, "'t is true,  
Yet — pardon, Sire! — if I were you,  
This quarrel soon should cease!

As sure as I'm my mother's son,  
*I'd have two fowls instead of one —  
A Merrythought apiece!"*

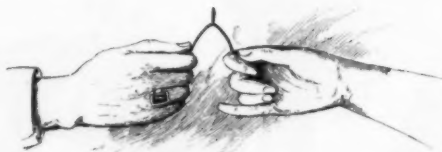
Forth from the  
palace went  
the Fool,  
When softly fell  
the twilight  
cool,  
His pockets  
stuffed with  
gold.

Within  
his  
tower,  
the Sage, un-  
moved,  
Some deep, la-  
borious prob-  
lem proved,  
The Priest his  
Aves told.



And from the board, where, snugly yoked,  
Two roasted fowls had lately smoked,  
With savory richness fraught,

King Colin and his gracious Queen  
Rose,— loving, satisfied, serene,—  
And pulled a Merrythought!



## THE BOY SETTLERS.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

*[Begun in the November number.]*

### CHAPTER XII.

#### HOUSE-BUILDING.

THERE was a change in the program of daily labor, when the corn was in the ground. At odd times the settlers had gone over to the wood-lot and had laid out their plans for the future home on that claim. There was more variety to be expected in house-building than in planting, and the boys had looked forward with impatience to the beginning of that part of their enterprise. Logs for the house were cut from the pines and firs of the hill beyond the river bluff. From these, too, were to be riven, or split, the "shakes" for the roof-covering and for the odd work to be done about the premises.

Now, for the first time, the boys learned the use of some of the strange tools that they had brought with them. They had wondered over the frow, an iron instrument about fourteen inches long, for splitting logs. At right angles with the blade, and fixed in an eye at one end, was a handle of hardwood. A section of wood was stood up endwise on a firm foundation of some sort, and the thin end of the frow was hammered down into the grain of the wood, making a lengthwise split.

In the same way, the section of wood so riven was split again and again until each split was thin enough. The final result was called a

"shake." Shakes were used for shingles, and even, when nailed on frames, for doors. Sawed lumber was very dear; and, except the sashes in the windows, every bit of the log-cabin must be got out of the primitive forest.

The boys were proud of the ample supply which their elders had brought with them; for even the knowing YOUNKINS, scrutinizing the tools for wood-craft with a critical eye, remarked, "That's a good outfit, for a party of green settlers." Six stout wedges of chilled iron, and a big maul to hammer them with, were to be used for the splitting up of the big trees into smaller sections. Wooden wedges met the wants of many people in those primitive parts, at times, and the man who had a good set of iron wedges and a powerful maul was regarded with envy.

"What are these clumsy rings for?" Oscar had asked when he saw the maul-rings taken out of the wagon on their arrival and unloading.

His uncle smiled and said, "You will find out what these are for, my lad, when you undertake to swing the maul. Did you never hear of splitting rails? Well, these are to split rails and such things from the log. We chop off a length of a tree, about eight inches thick, taking the toughest and densest wood we can find. Trim off the bark from a bit of the trunk, which must be twelve or fourteen inches long; drive your rings on each end of the block to keep it



from splitting; fit a handle to one end, or into one side of the block; and there you have your maul."

"Why, that's only a beetle, after all," cried Sandy, who, sitting on a stump near by, had been a deeply interested listener to his father's description of the maul.

"Certainly, my son; a maul is what people in the Eastern States would call a beetle; but you ask Younkins, some day, if he has a beetle over at his place. He, I am sure, would never use the name beetle."

Log-cabin building was great fun to the boys, although they did not find it easy work. There was a certain novelty about the raising of the structure that was to be a home, and an interest in learning the use of rude tools, that lasted until the cabin was finished. The maul and the wedges, the frow and the little maul intended for it, and all the other means and appliances of the building were all new and strange to these bright lads.

First, the size of the cabin, twelve feet wide and twenty feet long, was marked out on the site on which it was

to rise, and four logs were laid to define the foundation. These were the sills of the new house. At each end of every log two notches were cut, one on the under side and one on the upper, to fit into similar notches cut in the log below, and in that which was to be placed on top. So each corner was formed by these interlacing and overlapping ends. The logs were piled up, one above another, just as children build

"cob-houses," from odds and ends of playthings. Cabin-builders do not say that a cabin is a certain number of feet high; they usually say that it is ten logs high, or twelve logs high, as the case may be. When the structure is as high as the eaves are intended to be, the top



MAKING "SHAKES" WITH A "FROW."

logs are bound together, from side to side, with smaller logs fitted upon the upper logs of each side and laid across as if they were to be the supports of a floor for another story. Then the gable-ends are built up of logs, shorter and shorter as the peak of the gable is approached, and kept in place by other small logs laid across, endwise of the cabin, and locked into the end of each log in the gable until all are in place.

On these transverse logs, or rafters, the roof is laid. Holes are cut or sawed through the logs for the door and windows, and the house begins to look habitable.

The settlers on the Republican Fork cut the holes for doors and windows before they put on the roof, and when the layer of split shakes that made the roof was in place, and the boys bounded inside to see how things looked, they were greatly amused to notice how light it was. The space between the logs was almost wide enough to crawl through, Oscar said. But they had studied log-cabin building enough to know that these wide cracks were to be "chinked" with thin strips of wood, the refuse of shakes, driven in tightly, and then daubed over with clay, a fine bed of which was fortunately near at hand. The provident Younkings had laid away in his own cabin the sashes and glass for two small windows; and these he had agreed to sell to the new-comers. Partly-hewn logs for floor-joists were placed upon the ground inside the cabin, previously leveled off for the purpose. On these were laid thick slabs of oak and hickory, riven out of logs drawn from the grove near by. These slabs of hard wood were "puncheons," and fortunate as was the man who could have a floor of sawed lumber to his cabin, he who was obliged to use puncheons was better off than those with whom timber was so scarce that the natural surface of the ground was their only floor.

"My! how it rattles," was Sandy's remark when he had first taken a few steps on the new puncheon floor of their cabin. "It sounds like a tread-mill going its rounds. Can't you nail these down, Daddy?"

His father explained that the unseasoned lumber of the puncheons would so shrink in the drying that no fastening could hold them. They must lie loosely on the floor-joists until they were thoroughly seasoned; then they might be fastened down with wooden pins driven through holes bored for that purpose; nails and spikes cost too much to be wasted on a puncheon floor. In fact, very little hardware was wasted on any part of that cabin. Even the door was made by fastening with wooden pegs a number of short pieces of shakes to a frame fitted to the doorway cut

in the side of the cabin. The hinges were strong bits of leather, the soles of the boots whose legs had been used for corn-droppers. The clumsy wooden latch was hung inside to a wooden pin driven into one of the crosspieces of the door, and it played in a loop of deerskin at the other end. A string of deerskin fastened to the end of the latch-bar nearest the jamb of the doorway was passed outside through a hole cut in the door, serving to lift the latch from without when a visitor would enter.

"Our latch-string hangs out!" exclaimed Charlie, triumphantly, when this piece of work was done. "I must say I never knew before what it meant to have the 'latch-string hanging out' for all comers. See, Oscar, when we shut up the house for the night all we have to do is to pull in the latch-string and the door is barred."

"Likewise, when you have dropped your jack-knife through a crack in the floor into the cellar beneath, all you have to do is to turn over a puncheon or two and get down and find it," said Sandy, coolly, as he took up a slab or two and hunted for his knife. The boys soon found that although their home was rude and not very elegant as to its furniture, it had many conveniences that more elaborate and handsomer houses did not have. There were no floors to wash, hardly to sweep. As their surroundings were simple, their wants were few. It was a free and easy life that they were gradually drifting into, here in the wilderness.

Charlie declared that the cabin ought to have a name. As yet, the land on which they had settled had no name except that of the river by which it lay. The boys thought it would give some sort of distinction to their home if they gave it a title. "Liberty Hall," they thought, would be a good name to put on the roof of their log-cabin. Something out of Cooper's novels, Oscar proposed, would be the best for the locality.

"'Hog-and-hominy,' how would that suit?" asked Sandy, with a laugh. "Unless we get some buffalo or antelope meat pretty soon, it will be hog and hominy to the end of the chapter."

"Why not call it the John G. Whittier

cabin?" said Uncle Aleck, looking up from his work of shaping an ox-yoke.

"The very thing, Daddy!" shouted Sandy, clapping his hands. "Only don't you think that 's a very long name to say in a hurry? Whittier would be shorter, you know. But, then," he added, doubtfully, "it is n't everybody that would know which Whittier was meant by that, would they?"

"Sandy seems to think that the entire population of Kansas will be coming here, some day, to read that name, if we ever have it. We have been here two months now and no living soul but ourselves and Younkens has ever been in these diggings, not one. Oh, I say, let 's put up just nothing but 'Whittier' over the door there. We 'll know what that means, and if anybody comes in the course of time, I 'll warrant he 'll soon find out which Whittier it means." This was Oscar's view of the case.

"Good for you, Oscar!" said his uncle. "Whittier let it be."

Before sundown, that day, a straight-grained shake of pine, free from knot or blemish, had been well smoothed down with the draw-shave, and on its fair surface, writ large, was the beloved name of the New England poet, thus: WHITTIER.

This was fastened securely over the entrance of the new log-cabin, and the Boy Settlers, satisfied with their work, stood off at a little distance and gave it three cheers. The new home was named.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### LOST!

"WE must have some board-nails and some lead," remarked Uncle Aleck, one fine morning, as the party were putting the finishing touches to the Whittier cabin. "Who will go down to the Post and get them?"

"I," "I," "I," shouted all three of the boys at once.

"Oh, you will all go, will you?" said he, with a smile. "Well, you can't all go, for we can borrow only one horse, and it 's ten miles down there and ten miles back; and you will none of you care to walk, I am very sure."

The boys looked at each other and laughed.

Who should be the lucky one to take that delightful horseback ride down to the Post, as Fort Riley was called, and get a glimpse of civilization?

"I 'll tell you what we 'll do," said Sandy, after some good-natured discussion. "Let 's draw cuts to see who shall go. Here they are. You draw first, Charlie, you being the eldest man. Now, then, Oscar. Why, hooray! it 's my cut! I 've drawn the longest, and so I am to go. Oh, it was a fair and square deal, Daddy," he added, seeing his father look sharply at him.

The matter was settled, and next morning, bright and early, Sandy was fitted out with his commissions and the money to buy them with. Younkens had agreed to let him have his horse, saddle, and bridle. Work on the farm was now practically over until time for harvesting was come. So the other two boys accompanied Sandy over to the Younkens side of the river and saw him safely off down the river road leading to the Post. A meal-sack in which to bring back his few purchases was snugly rolled up and tied to the crupper of his saddle, and feeling in his pocket for the hundredth time to make sure of the ten-dollar gold piece therein bestowed, Sandy trotted gaily down the road. The two other boys gazed enviously after him, and then went home, wondering as they strolled along, how long Sandy would be away. He would be back by dark at the latest, for the days were now at about their longest, and the long summer day was just begun.

At Younkens's cabin they met Hiram Battles, a neighbor who lived beyond the divide to the eastward, and who had just ridden over in search of some of his cattle that had strayed away, during the night before. Mr. Battles said he was "powerful worried." Indians had been seen prowling around on his side of the divide; but he had seen no signs of a camp, and he had traced the tracks of his cattle, three head in all, over this way as far as Lone Tree Creek, a small stream just this side of the divide; but there he had unaccountably lost all trace of them.

"Well, as for the Indians," said Charlie, modestly, "we have seen them passing out on the trail. But they were going hunting, and they kept right on to the southward and westward; and we have not seen them go back since."

"The lad 's right," said Younkins, slowly, "but still I don't like the stories I hear down the road a piece. They do say that the Shians have riz."

"The Cheyennes have risen!" exclaimed Charlie. "And we have let Sandy go down to the Post alone!"

Both of the men laughed—a little unpleasantly, it seemed to the boys, although Younkins was the soul of amiability and mildness. But Charlie thought it was unkind in them to laugh at his very natural apprehensions; and he said as much, as he and Oscar, with their clothes on their heads, waded the Republican Fork on the way home.

"Well, Charlie," was Oscar's comforting remark, as they scrambled up the opposite bank, "I guess the reason why they laughed at us was that if the Cheyennes have gone on the war-path, the danger is out in the west; whereas, Sandy has gone eastward to-day, and that is right in the way of safety, is n't it? He 's gone to the Post; and you know that the people down at Soldier Creek told us that this was a good place to settle, because the Post would be our protection in case of an Indian rising."

Meanwhile, Sandy was peacefully and blissfully jogging along in the direction of the military post. Only one house stood between Younkins's and the fort; and that was Mullett's. They all had occasion to think pleasantly of Mullett's; for whenever an opportunity came for the mail to be forwarded from the fort up to Mullett's, it was sent there; then Sparkins, who was the next neighbor above, but who lived off the road a way, would go down to Mullett's and bring the mail up to his cabin; when he did this, he left a red flannel flag flying on the roof of his house, and Younkins, if passing along the trail, saw the signal and went out of his way a little to take the mail up to his cabin. Somehow, word was sent across the river to the Whittier boys, as the good Younkins soon learned to call the Boy Settlers, and they went gladly over to Younkins's and got the precious letters and papers from home. That was the primitive way in which the mail for the settlers on the Republican Fork went up the road from Fort Riley, in those days; and all letters and papers designed for the settlers along there were

addressed simply to Fort Riley, which was their nearest post-office.

So Sandy, when he reached Mullett's, was not disappointed to be told that there were no letters for anybody up the river. There had been nobody down to the Post very lately. Sandy knew that, and he was confident that he would have the pleasure of bringing up a good-sized budget when he returned. So he whipped up his somewhat lazy steed and cantered down toward the fort.

Soon after leaving Mullett's, he met a drove of sheep. The drivers were two men and a boy of his own age mounted on horseback and carrying their provisions, apparently, strapped behind them. When he asked them where they were going, they surlily replied that they were going to California. That would take them right up the road that he had come down, Sandy thought to himself. And he wondered if the boys at home would see the interesting sight of five hundred sheep going up the Republican Fork, bound for California.

He reached the fort before noon; and, with a heart beating high with pleasure, he rode into the grounds and made his way to the well-remembered sutler's store where he had bought the candy, months before. He had a few pennies of his own, and he mentally resolved to spend these for raisins. Sandy had a "sweet tooth," but, except for sugar and molasses, he had eaten nothing sweet since they were last at Fort Riley on their way westward.

It was with a feeling of considerable importance that Sandy surveyed the interior of the sutler's store. The proprietor looked curiously at him, as if wondering why so small a boy should turn up alone in that wilderness; and when the lad asked for letters for the families up the river, Mullett's, Sparkins's, Battles's, Younkins's, and his own people, the sutler said, "Be you one of them Abolitioners that have named your place after that man Whittier, the Abolition poet? I 've hearn tell of you, and I 've hearn tell of him. And he ain't no good. Do you hear me?" Sandy replied that he heard him, and to himself he wondered greatly how anybody, away down here, ten miles from the new home, could possibly have heard about the name they had given to their cabin.

Some soldiers who had been lounging around the place now went out at the door. The sutler, looking cautiously about as if to be sure that nobody heard him, said: "Never you mind what I said just now, sonny. Right you are, and that man Whittier writes the right sort of stuff. Bet yer life! I 'm no Abolitioner; but I 'm a Free State man, I am, every time."

"Then what made you talk like that, just now?" asked Sandy, his honest, freckled face glowing with righteous indignation. "If you like Mr. John G. Whittier's poetry, why did you say he was n't any good?"

"Policy, policy, my little man. This yere 's a pro-slavery gov'ment, and this yere is a pro-slavery post. I could n't keep this place one single day if they thought I was a Free State man. See? But I tell you right here, and don't you fergit it, this yere country is going to be Free State. Kansas is no good for slavery; and slavery can't get in here. Stick a pin there, and keep your eye on it."

With some wonder and much disgust at the man's cowardice, Sandy packed his precious letters in the bosom of his shirt. Into one end of his meal-sack he put a pound of soda-biscuit for which his uncle Charlie had longed, a half-pound of ground ginger with which Charlie desired to make some "molasses gingerbread, like mother's," and a half-pound of smoking-tobacco for his dear father. It seemed a long way off to his father now, Sandy thought, as he tied up that end of the bag. Then into the other end, having tied the bag firmly around, about a foot and a half from the mouth, he put the package of nails and a roll of sheet lead. It had been agreed that if they were to go buffalo-hunting, they must have rifle-balls and bullets for their shot-guns.

The sutler, who had become very friendly, looked on with an amused smile, and said, "'Pears to me, sonny, you got all the weight at one end, have n't you?"

Sandy did not like to be called "sonny," but he good-naturedly agreed that he had made a mistake; so he began all over again and shifted his cargo so that the nails and a box of yeast-powder occupied one end of the meal-sack, and the other articles balanced the other. The load was then tied closely to the crupper of the sad-

dle and the boy was ready to start on his homeward trip. His eyes roved longingly over the stock of goodies which the sutler kept for the children, young and old, of the garrison, and he asked, "How much for raisins?"

"Two bits a pound for box, and fifteen cents for cask," replied the man, sententiously.

"Give me half a pound of cask raisins," said the boy, with some hesitation. He had only a few cents to spare for his own purchases.

The sutler weighed out a half-pound of box raisins, did them up and handed them across the counter, saying, "No pay; them 's for Whittier."

Sandy took the package, shoved it into his shirt-bosom, and, wondering if his "Thank you" was sufficient payment for the gift, mounted his steed, rode slowly up the road to a spring that he had noticed bubbling out of the side of a ravine, and with a thankful heart, turning out the horse to graze, sat down to eat his frugal lunch, now graced with the dry but to him delicious raisins. So the sutler at Fort Riley was a Free State man! Was n't that funny!

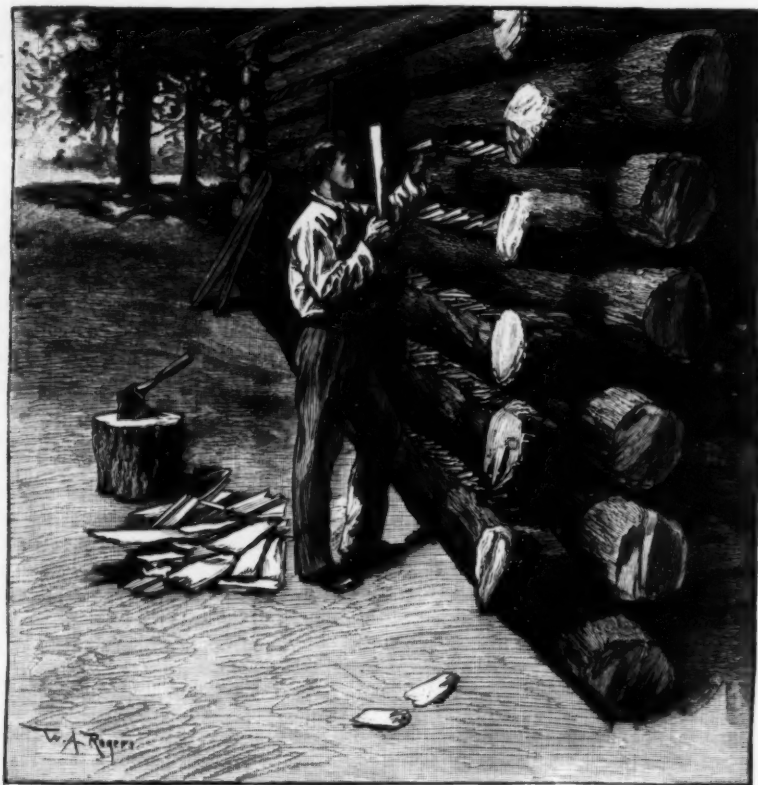
It was a beautifully bright afternoon, and Sandy, gathering his belongings together, started up the river road on a brisk canter. The old horse was a hard trotter and when he slackened down from a canter poor Sandy shook in every muscle, and his teeth chattered as if he had a fit of ague. But whenever the lad contrived to urge his steed into an easier gait he got on famously. The scenery along the Republican Fork is (or was) very agreeable to the eye. Long swales of vivid green stretched off in every direction, their rolling sides sloping into deep ravines through which creeks, bordered with dense growths of alder, birch, and young cottonwood, meandered. The sky was blue and cloudless, and, as the boy sped along the breezy uplands, the soft and balmy air fanning his face, he sung and whistled to express the fervor of his buoyant spirits. He was a hearty and a happy boy.

Suddenly he came to a fork in the road which he had not noticed when he came down that way in the morning. For a moment he was puzzled by the sight. Both were broad and smooth tracks over the grassy prairie, and both rose and fell over the rolling ground; only, one



led to the left and somewhat southerly, and the other to the right. "Pshaw!" muttered Sandy, and he paused and rubbed his head for an idea. "That left-hand road must strike off to some ford lower down on the fork than I have ever

Absorbed in a mental calculation as to the number of days that it would take that flock of sheep to reach California, the boy rode on, hardly noticing the landmarks by the way, or taking in anything but the general beauty of the



FILLING IN THE CHINKS IN THE WALLS OF THE LOG-CABIN.

been. But I never heard of any ford below ours."

With that, his keen eyes noticed that the right-hand road was cut and marked with the many hoof-tracks of a flock of sheep. He argued to himself that the sheep-drivers had told him that they were going to California. The California road led up the bank of the Republican Fork close to the trail that led from Younkens's to the ford across the river. The way was plain; so, striking his spur into the old sorrel's side, he dashed on up the right-hand road, singing gaily as he went.

broad and smiling landscape over which the yellow light of the afternoon sun, sinking in the west, poured a flood of splendor. Slackening his speed as he passed a low and sunken little round valley filled with brush and alders, he heard a queer sound like the playful squealing of some wild animal. Slipping off his saddle and leading his horse by the bridle over the thick turf, Sandy cautiously approached the edge of the valley, the margin of which was steep and well sheltered by a growth of cottonwoods. After peering about for some time, the lad caught a glimpse of a beautiful sight. A

young doe and her fawn were playing together in the open meadow below, absolutely unconscious of the nearness of any living thing besides themselves. The mother-deer was browsing, now and again, and at times the fawn, playful as a young kitten, would kick its heels, or butt its head against its mother's side, and both would squeal in a comical way.

Sandy had never seen deer in a state of living wildness before, and his heart thumped heavily in his breast as he gazed on the wonderful sight. He half groaned to himself that he was a great fool to have come away from home without a gun. What an easy shot it was! How nicely he could knock over the mother, if only he had a shotgun! She was within such short range. Then he felt a sinking of the heart as he imagined the horror of death that would have overtaken the innocent and harmless creatures, sporting there so thoughtless of man's hunting instincts and cruelty. Would he kill them, if he had the weapon to kill with? He could not make up his mind that he would. So he crouched silently in the underbrush and watched the pretty sight as if it were a little animal drama, enacted here in the wilderness, mother and child having a romp in their wildwood home.

"Well, I'll give them a good scare, anyhow," muttered the boy, his sportive instincts getting the better of his tender-heartedness at last. He dashed up noisily from the underbrush, swung his arms and shouted: "Boo!" Instantly, deer and fawn, with two or three tremendous bounds, were out of the little valley and far away on the prairie, skimming over the rolls of green, and before the boy could catch his breath, they had disappeared into one of the many dells and ravines that interlaced the landscape.

But another animal was scared by the boy's shout. In his excitement, he had slipped the bridle-rein from his arm, and the old sorrel, terrified by his halloo, set off on a brisk trot down the road. In vain Sandy called to him to stop. Free from guidance, the horse trotted along, and when, after a long chase, Sandy caught up with his steed, a considerable piece of road had been covered the wrong way, for the horse had gone back over the line of march. When Sandy was

once more mounted and had mopped his perspiring forehead, he cast his eye along the road, and, to his dismay, discovered that the sheep-tracks had disappeared. What had become of the sheep? How could they have left the trail without his sooner noticing it? He certainly had not passed another fork of the road since coming into this at the fork below.

"This is more of my heedlessness, mother would say," muttered Sandy to himself. "What a big fool I must have been to miss seeing where the sheep left the trail! I shall never make a good plainsman if I don't keep my eye skinned better than this. Jingo! it's getting toward sundown!" Sure enough, the sun was near the horizon, and Sandy could see none of the familiar signs of the country round about the Fork.

But he pushed on. It was too late now to return to the fork of the road and explore the other branch now. He was in for it. He remembered, too, that two of their most distant neighbors, Mr. Fuller and his wife, lived somewhere back of Battles's place, and it was barely possible that it was on the creek, whose woody and crooked line he could now see far to the westward, that their log-cabin was situated. He had seen Mr. Fuller over at the Fork, once or twice, and he remembered him as a gentle-mannered and kindly man. Surely, he must live on this creek! So he pushed on with new courage, for his heart had begun to sink when he finally realized that he was far off his road.

The sun was down when he reached the creek. No sign of human habitation was in sight. In those days cabins and settlements were very, very few and far between, and a traveler once off his trail might push on for hundreds of miles without striking any trace of human life.

In the gathering dusk, the heavy-hearted boy rode along the banks of the creek, anxiously looking out for some sign of settlers. It was as lonely and solitary as if no man had ever seen its savageness before. Now and then a night-bird called from the thicket as if asking what interloper came into these solitudes; or a scared jack-rabbit scampered away from his feeding-ground as the steps of the

horse tore through the underbrush. Even the old sorrel seemed to gaze reproachfully at the lad, who had dismounted and now led the animal through the wild and tangled undergrowths.

When he had gone up and down the creek several times, hunting for some trace of a set-

finally had no idea where he was. Then the conviction came fully into his mind: He was lost!

The disconsolate boy sat down on a fallen tree and meditated. It was useless to go farther. He was tired in every limb and very, very hungry. He bethought himself of the soda-biscuits in his sack.

He need not starve at any rate. Dobbin was grazing contentedly while the lad meditated, so slipping off the saddle and the package attached to it, Sandy prepared to satisfy his hunger with what little provisions he had at hand. How queerly the biscuits tasted! Jolting up and down on the horse's back, they were well broken up. But what was this so hot in the mouth? Ginger? Sure enough, it was ginger. The pounding that had crushed the biscuits had broken open the package of ginger, and that spicy stuff was plentifully sprinkled all over the contents of the sack.

"Gingerbread," muttered Sandy grimly, as he blew out of his mouth some of the powdery spice. "Faugh! Tobacco!" he cried next.

His father's package of smoking-tobacco had shared the fate of the ginger. Sandy's supper was spoiled, and resigning himself to spending the night hungry in the wilderness, he tethered the horse to a tree, put the saddle-blanket on the ground, arranged the saddle for a pillow, and, having cut a few leafy boughs from the alders, stuck them into the turf so as to form a shelter around his head, and lay down to pleasant dreams.

"And this is Saturday night, too," thought



LOST!

tlement and finding none, he reflected that Fuller's house was on the side of the stream to the west. It was a very crooked stream and he was not sure, in the darkness, which was west and which was east. But he boldly plunged into the creek, mounting his horse and urging the unwilling beast across. Once over, he explored that side of the stream, hither and yon, in vain. Again he crossed, and so many times did he cross and recross that he

the lost boy. "They are having beans baked in the ground-oven at home in the cabin. They are wondering where I am. What would mother say if she knew I was lost out here on Flyaway Creek?" And the boy's heart swelled a little and a few drops of water stood in his eyes; for he had never been lost before in his life. He looked up at the leaden sky, now overcast, and wondered if God saw this lost boy. A few drops fell on his cheek. Tears? No, worse than that; it was rain.

"Well, this is a little too much," said Sandy, stoutly. "Here goes for one more trial." So saying, he saddled and mounted his patient steed, and, at a venture, took a new direction around a bend in the creek. As he rounded the bend, the bark of a dog suddenly rung from a mass of gloom and darkness. How sweet the sound! Regardless of the animal's angry challenge, he pressed on. That mass of blackness was a log-barn, and near by was a corral with cows therein. Then a light shone from the log-cabin and a man's voice was heard calling the dog.

Fuller's!

The good man of the house received the lad

with open arms, and cared for his horse; inside the cabin, Mrs. Fuller, who had heard the conversation without, made ready a great pan of milk and a loaf of bread, having risen from her bed to care for the young wanderer. Never did bread and milk taste so deliciously to weary traveler as this! Full-fed, Sandy looked at the clock on the wall, and marked with wondering eye that it was past midnight. He had recounted his trials as he ate, and the sympathizing couple had assured him that he had been deceived by the sheep-driver. It was very unlikely that he was driving his flock to California. And it was probable that, coming to some place affording food and water, the sheep had left the main road and had camped down in one of the ravines, out of sight.

As Sandy composed his weary limbs in a blanket-lined bunk opposite that occupied by Fuller and his wife, he was conscious that he gave a long, long sigh as if in his sleep. And, as he drifted off into slumber-land, he heard the good woman say, "Well, he 's out of his troubles, poor boy!" Sandy chuckled to himself and slept.

(To be continued.)

[In a note to the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, Mr. Brooks calls attention to an error that occurred in Chapter IX of his story which appeared in the February number of this Magazine. The author was misled by a slip in a digest of the land laws of the United States into saying that the public lands are divided into townships of ten miles square. As a matter of fact the townships are six miles square, and each one is divided into sections of one mile square, thus providing for sections of 640 acres each, and quarter-sections of 160 acres.]

## A BATTLE.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

I SAW a battle yesterday.

And would you have me tell  
The story of this fearful fray,  
And how it all befell?

Against the mists the sun made war;  
The foggy mists, you know,  
That in the morn by sea and shore  
Their ghostly forces show.

The sun shot down his shafts of light  
And pierced their ranks, and made  
Them scatter into shreds of white  
And flying bits of shade.

It was an utter rout, I ween;

The mists were vanquished foes,  
No bugle called, no blood was seen,  
I heard no clash of blows,

Yet in an hour the day was clear,  
The sky triumphant shone;  
While, from a bush that budded near,  
The wind a flower had blown

Till at my very feet it lay,  
All white within the sun;  
It was a flag of truce, to say  
The fight was fought and won.

## THE ASTROLOGER'S NIECE MARRIES.\*

BY TUDOR JENKS.

OF course, when she had finished her education, I thought my niece would be glad to stay quietly at home with me for a year or two at least. But she was of a restless disposition and soon tired of the monotony of our quiet village life. I did my best to entertain her, and was even ingenious, I thought, in providing her with amusements. For instance, when a traveling circus came to a neighboring city, by the use of the well-known spell (Magic Book VIII, chap. II, §32) I caused the advance-agent to believe our village a populous city full of those persons of limited means who usually patronize the theater and the fine arts generally. As a result of my well-meant deception, he gave performances for a week to an audience consisting only of me, my niece, the innkeeper's family, and the innkeeper.

The performers, especially the ring-master, were furious and thought the advance-agent was crazy. We did n't mind that, as he insisted upon completing the performances; but my niece found no pleasure in the show except as a means of amusing herself at the expense of those who took part in the ring. When one of the acrobats would leap into the air and begin to turn a somersault, she would secretly use some form of enchantment—for she had never forgotten the knowledge of the science picked up in her youth—and cause the poor fellow to remain hanging in the air upside-down. This seriously interfered with the show, but the circus-people did not mind it very much until she carried her skylarking beyond all reason. But when she made the trick-mule suddenly become as gentle as a lamb, and rode him around the ring, she sitting as placidly upon him as Queen Elizabeth upon a palfrey, and the trick-mule carrying her with a proudly angelic smile, and when she claimed the large reward the ring-master had offered,—it was really too much.

With tears in his eyes the ring-master said it

would ruin the circus to pay her, and so she let the reward go unpaid, on condition that they left at once. I concluded that she had lost interest in the hippodrome.

I tell this only as an instance of my unremitting efforts to supply her with pastimes of a really elevating character, and to show that it was not lack of diversion, but a restless disposition, which caused her to say she would go to seek her fortune.

I had no wish to leave home. My cook was an artist, and my house had a southern exposure and an astrological cupola of the most modern construction. So I told her flatly that I would not go under any consideration whatever.

We started the next morning. I suggested a sea route, as I was very susceptible to sea-sickness and desired above all things to go by land. She acquiesced at once, and set sail early in a lug-rigged barker, or a bark-rigged lugger, one or the other, and as I went below I heard the captain order the crew to luff.

I cannot say what luffing is, because, when I came on deck again, we had been out for three days. It seemed longer, and I do not at all care for marine life—it interferes sadly with accuracy in astrological observations and with regularity of meals, both of which are hobbies of mine.

On the morning of the fifth day, one of the sailors said out loud, "Land-hoe!" and I concluded he was an agriculturist, but had n't time to verify this conclusion because my niece insisted upon being rowed ashore at once. I was not ready to go ashore, but she preferred not to go alone, and so we went together.

As we rowed into a beautiful bay surrounded by the customary palm trees, a sentinel on shore said, "Boat ahoy!"

I answered pleasantly, "Boat ahoy."

"What boat is that?" he inquired.

"It's just an ordinary boat," I answered.

\* See story, "The Astrologer's Niece," in ST. NICHOLAS for February, 1888.



"What boat is it?" he asked again.

"I'm sure I don't know," said I. "What do you want to know for?"

"If you don't answer the hail, I'll fire on you!" he said sternly.

"I am answering as fast as I can," I replied good-naturedly. "What do you expect me to say?"

At this he raised his crossbow and leveled it

destination, and ventured to inquire of my niece where she thought we were going. She admitted that she did n't know, and added languidly that she did n't feel like talking. So on we went in silence for about half an hour. Then I asked the captain of the guard,—I knew he was the captain because he would n't keep step,—and he told me we were going to the Palace. I asked whether it was far. He



"WE CAME TO A GATE GUARDED BY TWO LARGE ETHIOPIANS IN FANCY DRESS."

(I think that is the technical term employed by military men) at the boat,—in fact, at me.

"Come ashore!" he cried in a peremptory tone.

"We are coming," I answered. He seemed very obtuse and unreasonable, but I make it a point never to quarrel with soldiers on duty. We landed at a neat little quay, and were received by the comrades of the conversation-alist with the crossbow.

They surrounded us in a very attentive way and said, "Forward, march!"

We started. I was a trifle uneasy about our

said it was about as far as any place he ever saw, and suggested that I should keep my breath for walking. I despise useless taciturnity, but followed his advice under protest. We walked on for another half-hour, and then just as I had concluded to refuse further pedestrianism, we saw in the distance several minarets from the top of which pennants were rippling in the breeze.

"That's the Palace," said the captain.

In a few minutes we came to a lofty wall, and a gate guarded by two large Ethiopians in fancy dress, each carrying a curved sword.

"Your sword is bent, my friend," I said to one of them.

He scowled and looked uneasily at it.

"Why don't you have a straight one?—it would reach farther," I went on, "and it is really curious why so many of the Eastern nations prefer—"

I was interrupted. He tried to cut my head off, and if he had used a straight sword would have succeeded. I dodged him, remarking, without loss of dignity:

"You see, now, that illustrates what—"

My niece here pulled me by my robe and I dropped the subject. They rolled up the gate, a kind of portcullis, and we entered. I should like to describe the courtyard in detail, but as I had left my spectacles at home, having forgotten them in our hasty embarkation, I could not see anything but a confused blur of colors.

Going up some very tiresome stairways, we were led into a vast audience-room and brought before a kind of king or something—one of those men who sit on fancy chairs and order people around.

"Whom have you brought before us?" asked this very consequential individual.

"Lord of," began the captain in a second-tenor voice.

"Tut, tut!" said the king. "Who are they?"

"Royal and Imperial—" said the captain.

"And so forth," rejoined the monarch;

"Thanks! Who are they?"

"I don't know," said the captain.

"Where from?" said the king.

"I don't know," said the captain.

"What do they want?" asked the king.

"I don't know," answered the officer.

"Enough," said the king, hastily; "we are satisfied that your specialty is honest ignorance. We appoint you Court Historian."

The captain bowed low.

"Return to your post for the present; and forget as much as you can until you are called upon to assume your new duties." The captain withdrew.

"Now," said the king to me, "who are you?"

"An astrologer, your Highness," I answered with some natural pride.

"A star-gazer, eh?" he said pleasantly. "Well, what did you come here for?"

"I don't know," I answered after a moment's reflection.

The king seemed vexed.

"Does anybody know anything about anything in particular?" he asked with fine sarcasm. It made me shake in my sandals, especially as the headsman who was standing beside the king here tightened his belt and took a large and shiny ax from a page at his left.

But, as usual, my niece came to the rescue, and said, in her quiet and unpretending way, that she knew considerable about several things. The headsman looked at her very keenly, handed the ax back to the page, and said in a low tone that he was going out to luncheon. He went.

"Well, well," said the king. "Suppose you tell us about this?"

To my surprise my niece said that she had come to his kingdom to marry the prince.

Naturally the king was a little put out. It seemed sudden to him, no doubt. I am sure it did to me. He seemed lost in thought for a few moments, and then said absently:

"Oh!—yes. Well, where 's—the—the headsman?"

"Gone to luncheon, your Majestic Majesty," answered the page.

"Very inconvenient," said the king, looking annoyed. "He 's never here when he 's needed. No matter. This amuses us. We find this novel and—yes—amusing in a way. We must get sport from this. Young woman," said he to my niece, "if you can sit down for a few moments, the executioner will be back, and he will attend to you first. The astrologer can afford to give you precedence. He won't have long to wait. The audience is over. I 'll be at the executions this afternoon."

"Long live the king!" said the crowd.

Then a brass-band struck up "Pop goes the Weasel," and the audience room was emptied. Soon we were alone with the guards. They had no captain and seemed at a loss to know what to do next. My niece sat in a very comfortable chair playing a curious game which she invented herself. It was a round box with

little partitions in it, and four or five marbles rolling around between them. She would try to make the marbles roll into a little box in the center. She seemed much amused by it. It appeared stupid to me. I wondered how long we should have to wait there. The noise of the marbles made me nervous.

At this moment the captain, or rather the Court Historian, came in.

of "preparing for *instant* execution," but they could n't see it, and, as it only annoyed them and set them to talking about some "old crank," I saw they cared more for mechanics than for logic, and said nothing further. What a number of dull people there are in foreign climes!

We followed them along some very damp corridors which needed whitewashing, and soon



"DOES ANYBODY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR?" ASKED THE KING.

"Shoulder arms!" he said sharply. The men obeyed. "Conduct the prisoners to the donjon!" he went on.

"This is all right," I said. "I suppose you know your own business. But it seems to me that you are acting queerly for a Court Historian!"

"It is all right," he said. "I have forgotten all about that. Forward march!"

We were escorted to the donjon.

Don't ever go to a donjon if you can help it. We stayed there the rest of the day. I was looking through the bars, and my niece said nothing until late in the afternoon. Then she told me she had got them all in.

"You have got us all in," I said, with bitter meaning. She laughed.

I told her I was very glad; but I had n't the least idea what she meant. Pretty soon the guards came and told us to prepare for instant execution. I pointed out the illogical absurdity

came to a large plaza. I could not see very well, but I heard many voices saying, "Here they come!" "Bring them out!" "See the old foggy!"—by which they must have meant the captain, I suppose.

It suddenly occurred to me that possibly they meant to execute me and my niece. My mind sometimes will grasp an idea with breathless celerity. It was an annoying experience, and I resolved to avoid the scaffold, if it were possible to do so without loss of dignity or the family prestige.

"My dear child," said I to my niece, "has it occurred to you that they have invited us out to an afternoon execution, and that they mean to chop *our* heads off?"

She admitted that they seemed to think they were, but begged me to give myself no uneasiness, promising to see that no harm came of our little pleasure excursion. Young girls are so rash!—but my niece always takes me with her.

"But what is this absurdity about a prince?" I asked.

She said it was no absurdity at all. That she had come to marry the prince, and would marry the prince—if she liked his looks.

"Have n't you seen him?" I asked in some surprise.

She shook her head, and then assured me again that I need not be uneasy—that the whole journey was her own plan, and she felt sure of its ultimate success. It is not profitable to argue with a person who pays no attention to what you say, and who never on any account does anything you think it best to do, so I said no more.

Amid renewed jeers, we climbed the steps to the scaffold.

The headsman was waiting for us. His ax looked very large to me, but he seemed strong enough to handle it. The king was there, and was plainly in a hurry to get away, for he said with some attempt at pleasantry:

"Now, then, Headsman, here 's the young lady who wishes to marry the prince. Off she goes,—and then for the old star-gazer!"

I thought his remarks were not in the best of taste. They put my niece's head upon the block, the headsman raised his ax, and the ax-head immediately flew off in the form of a black crow, saying, "Caw!"

The headsman looked after it with much interest.

"Never," said he with emphasis, "in the whole course of my professional experience, did I ever see anything like that."

"My niece," I said, "is certainly not an ordinary girl. You 'll all admit that, I am sure, when you have known her so long as I have."



THE ROYAL GUARDS SURROUND THE ASTROLOGER'S NIECE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The headsman sent the page for another ax. The people waited in silence, hardly knowing what had taken place. The king seemed to enjoy the experience. It was something new, and kings (at least all the kings I know) are terribly bored, and fond of novelty. He clapped his hands and called out, "Brava!"

The crowd separated at one point and the page arrived with the spare ax. The headsman handled it with the caressing hand of an artist, poised it lightly in the air, and brought it down with a swish upon my niece's swanlike neck. I had a swanlike neck when younger.

"Huzza!" cried the hiring crowd. But they had shouted too soon. As the keen edge neared her golden ringlets, the ax-head left the handle and becoming a garland of flowers encircled her neck in a really effective manner. I could not but admire the esthetic value of the colors against her fair skin. Old men are somewhat forgetful, and I do not distinctly recall whether I have mentioned my niece's beauty. It is a family characteristic, and in my young

days I was universally admitted to be the handsomest astrologer in our parish.

The king had by this time lost his temper. "He had come out," as he remarked in high dudgeon, "to see an execution—not to witness an exhibition of legerdemain!" (His choice of language was always excellent, by the way.) So now he rose to his feet, and ordered the guards to seize the prisoners.

The guards were arranged in a hollow square around the scaffold, and at the word of command they pointed some very jagged halberds and other painful poking instruments in our direction. I looked at my niece with some misgiving, but apparently she was quite able to take care of herself. She stood up also, and pronounced some magical words. I do not really know just what they were. In fact, she had rather gone ahead of me in the text-books and could do a number of things which I should not like to attempt. Probably, if I had been

the Appendix in the back of the book, and usually aimed at the more picturesque methods.

This time I heard her silvery laugh, and I looked with curiosity at the advancing guards. When they began their short march they were veterans. After a few steps they became recruits. A few steps more, and they were cadets, and so it went on. They became boys and then toddlers; and finally, when they reached the foot of the platform, they were babies, creeping on all fours and crying and cooing.

Those babes in uniform were very ridiculous. After a great shout of laughter, some of the women in the crowd picked up the helpless infants and bore them away in their arms. I afterward learned that the foundling asylum was much overcrowded that night.

This last experience seemed to open the king's eyes to the peculiarities of my niece's disposition. He realized that she must be coaxed rather than driven. I do not mean to



"THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS!" SAID THE DUCK IN A RAGE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

in her situation I should have disappeared from view, or changed myself into a humming-bird or a dragon-fly,—something with wings, you know,—and soared gently away into the blue ether. But she was not satisfied with ordinary magical charms. She took most of hers from

say he told me so, for in all the course of our acquaintance we did not exchange a dozen words. He called me the "star-gazer," and seemed to think me rather a fussy old fellow. Perhaps he was right,—my horoscope indicated something of the kind.



The populace had now run away and the king and a few courtiers came to the foot of the platform and invited us to come to the palace and make ourselves at home. The king offered his arm to my niece, and she took it with an ease of manner which she inherited from her grandfather. My father was a sorcerer, and of the very best school. All his housework was done by familiars, and genii did the farm work and ran errands.

When the king had escorted my niece and her uncle to the private audience room, we sat down to a very well-served table, and then the king and my niece came to an understanding. I heard only the last part of the conversation.

"You cannot marry my son!" said the king, decidedly. "It's against all precedent."

My niece said in her winning way that she did not care a button for precedent, and that several great men had called attention to the fact that there could not be a precedent for anything the first time it was done.

"I won't argue," said the king, "but I will only say, I forbid it!"

Then, to my secret amusement, my niece said very sweetly, as she toyed with a sprig of celery, that she was not fond of argument herself, and therefore would only say that she would then and there turn the king into a canvas-back duck, unless he consented to the wedding.

"I defy you!" said the king.

My niece clapped her hands, and he became a canvas-back duck.

"This is preposterous!" said the duck in a rage.

My niece giggled.

"It is monstrous!" said the duck, walking bow-legged around the table.

I joined in the mirth. "Star-gazer," indeed!

"It is high treason!" insisted the royal fowl.

My niece rose from the table. The duck looked at her in perplexity. Then he said:

"I give in. Please fix me straight again."

She clapped her hands, and he regained his shape.

"Now," said he uneasily, "I am a man — of my word. Send for my son."

Several admirals, dukes, and footmen started for the door, but the seneschal had a good lead, and soon returned, ushering in a young man

whose physical perfections were only not noticed because of his graceful bearing and exquisite air of high breeding and royal intelligence. When I saw him I had a curious remembrance of having seen him before. But it was a mistake. I was thinking of a certain beautiful miniature of myself, which my father had given me on my twenty-first birthday.

"Come in," said the king pleasantly. "This, my son, is your promised bride. She is the niece of this old gentleman. He is a star-gazer. Bow to your uncle-in-law. The wedding will take place to-morrow. Good-evening, young people. Good-evening, star-gazer."

He retired through the cloth-of-gold portière, and the prince, by his courtly bearing, soon put us all at our ease. At first his manner, while with my niece, was just a trifle constrained; but at 12.45 A. M., when I went to bed, they had eaten twelve philopenas and had ordered the yawning butler to bring more almonds.

Next morning a grand procession set forth for the cathedral. I, however, with her permission, remained at home and watched the event through my second-best magic telescope, with which one can look around two corners and through a thin stone wall.

I will briefly describe what took place. The king must have spent the night in plotting mischief, for he had gathered together a large army, and secured the services of several witches, enchanters, exorcisers, and so on. Just as the ceremony was to be performed, these myrmidons surrounded the bridal party and attempted to seize my niece. I was not alarmed, for I had much confidence in her presence of mind and her readiness of resource in emergencies.

Just as they gathered around her, she began to grow larger. Soon she increased so enormously that she took the prince up in one hand, put him under her arm, and walked in a leisurely way down the aisle. He did not seem to object. In fact, he had previously done his best to protect her, and had knocked down one witch with her own broomstick early in the proceedings.

Still my niece continued to grow. She rose to the top of the cathedral, put her golden ringlets through the roof, and the slates began to tumble upon the people below. How they scattered!

At this moment the king begged for pardon, and promised reformation and acquiescence—at least I judged so from his attitude. Upon the disappearance of the rabble, my niece regained her proper size; and after the wedding party was brought together again, she became a lovely bride, shrinking and tender.

When the bridal couple came down the aisle, they were beautiful. I threw down the glass and hastened to meet them at the palace gate.

The prince seemed very happy, and so did the princess—my niece. I felt that I was safe in leaving her to her husband's care, and I set sail the next day for home.

I have received a letter from her since. It

told many particulars of her new life, and described her husband's flawless character and disposition at some length. This was the postscript:

P. S.—Jack says (John is my husband's name—one of them) that magic is beneath the dignity of a married woman. I think so, too, and have promised to give it up, maybe. The king is an old duck—not a canvas-back, you know. He sends his love to the "star gazer."

I feel lonely without her. One could not be long dull in her company. Astrology, too, is not what it once was—there is too much cutting of rates and competition.

May my dear niece be happy, for she certainly married the man of her choice!

A Youth in the days of Beau  
Nash,  
Fell heir to a deal of old trash.  
Said he, "I will wear them,  
There's no one to share them.  
Hey-dey! but I'll cut a great  
dash!"



## MY AUTOGRAPH-BOOK.

BY EDWARD LIVINGSTON WELLES.



IN a little seven-by-nine room, in one of the upper stories of the old New York Tribune building, many years ago, I frequently saw a man with a very round bald head and a fringe of nearly white hair under his chin. He sat at a desk which was almost on a level with his shoulders. He was somewhat careless in his dress, and being very near-sighted, he leaned down upon the desk,

describing almost the segment of a circle in the lines as he wrote. This was Horace Greeley, the founder and chief editor of the *Tribune*—and the note below is a rather superior specimen of his writing. I leave you to judge for yourselves as to its quality.

I fancy that Mr. Greeley made a much better editor than he would have made book-keeper, for it would seem that his early education in the art of penmanship must have been sadly neglected, or else had somewhat deteriorated in the later years of his life, under the influence of hasty editorial writing.

New York Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> 57.

My dear Sir:

I hope you will  
obtain more elegant & more  
valuable autographs  
than that of  
Yours, so-so,  
Horace Greeley.

Ed L. Weller Esq.

D Sir

As the oldest Artist in  
America & the only surviving  
One who painted Washington  
from the life, my name (perhaps)  
should not be forgotten

Respectfully Yours

Rembrandt Peale

Pk<sup>d</sup> July 3 1857

Above is a note from Rembrandt Peale, an artist who lived in Philadelphia, and who died in 1860, at the age of eighty-two. His father and his brother, as well as himself, painted several portraits of George Washington, and the old gentleman, you will see by his note, prided himself considerably on this distinction. As he was born in 1778, and made his last sketch of Washington from life in 1795, he must have been a rather young artist at that time.

Perhaps you would like to see

how some of our millionaires wrote. I will give you two signatures; though I have quite a number of others, for which there is not room in these pages.

John D. Rockefeller

John D. Astor

And now we will glance at the autographs of a few celebrated English poets and authors. Here, for instance, is a note from Charles Dickens, written when he was living in London in 1850. I have two of later date, one written in 1855, and the other written in one of my books, when he was on his last visit to this country in 1868. Under his name and upon the same page, Sol Eytinge, the artist, made a little pen-and-ink sketch of "Dick Swiveller," with the

legend, "May the wing of friendship never moult a feather." To this William Winter, the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, added the sentence, "Under this wing is the happiness of many generations."

Charles Reade, the author of "The Cloister and the Hearth," and many other widely read novels, wrote me the little note given on the next page. The "bit of truth" which he "throws in" was this sentence, written on a

Henri Turau, London

Fifth April 1850.

Young French

I am very happy to send you  
the autograph you ask me for.

Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Edmund Miller Eytinge

My dear Sir,

you are very  
welcome to my  
Autograph.

It is not worth a  
letter except when it  
conveys a bit of  
Truth. So I throw you  
one in —

and a —

Yours respectfully  
(Charles Keble)

separate page: "The understandings of men do  
not want sharpening, so much as enlarging."

Next on our list is a brief note from the Poet  
Laureate of England — Lord Tennyson:

My Sir,

Your note has just been sent to me  
from Florence.

Here, therefore, is an Autograph

Yours truly  
Alfred Tennyson



And now we will take a look at a very charming letter, which I prize as one of the choicest gems in my whole collection. It was written to me while Mr. Thackeray was

in this country,—during his first visit, I believe. He subsequently wrote a line or two in a volume which I sent to him. Here is the little note. Is it not all I claim for it?

N. York. Sunday eve. 19.

My dear Sir

I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and now that I have children of my own, ~~would like to~~ love young people all the better: and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that

time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper

<sup>1847</sup> When I got into the railroad car to come hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name: and I bought the book, was pleased by his kind face and friendly voice

let seemed as it were to welcome me to my  
own children to this country. And as you  
are the first American boy who has written  
to me I thank you and shake you by  
the hand, & hope Heaven may prosper  
you. We who write books must remember  
that among our readers are honest children,  
and pray the Father of all of us to enable  
us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth  
are the best of all; pray God that young &  
old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you <sup>only</sup> a line this  
Sunday morning: but you see it is a little  
later. My own children thousands of miles  
away (it is Sunday night now where they are,  
and they said their prayers for me whilst I was  
asleep) will like some day to see your little note  
and be grateful for the kindness you to others  
show me. I bid you farewell and am

Your faithful servant  
Wm. Thackeray

Dear Sir, Please forgive the delay in comply-  
ing with your request made in a letter  
which has been returned to us from Florence  
after considerable ~~delay~~ delay.

Yours very cordially,

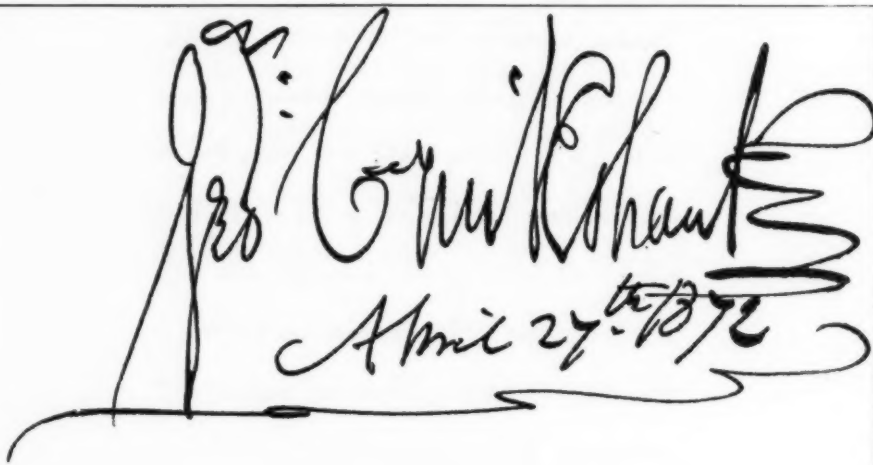
Robert Browning.

Paris, 3 Rue du Colisée, Dec. 27. '55.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning -  
Robert Browning.

Following Thackeray's letter is a note from Robert Browning; to which is added the autograph of his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. These autographs, like that of Tennyson, were sent from Florence, Italy, my letter having been forwarded.

Below you may see the name of George Cruikshank, the English artist — who illustrated some earlier volumes of Dickens's works, and who was by many considered the greatest illustrator in England in his day. His signature is almost as funny as some of his pictures.

  
 April 27<sup>th</sup> 1872  
 To  
 Edw. L. Welles Esq.

32 Weymouth Street  
 Portland Place  
 July 3. 1853. London

Dear Sir

I received your letter of the 7<sup>th</sup> of  
 June a few days (3 or 4 days) ago.

I send you with pleasure the autograph  
 you desire to have — although I fear that some  
 years hence you will discover that it is but  
 of little value. Such as it is, you will find  
 it appended to some rhymes, of indifferent  
 quality, on the other leaf. I wish that I  
 had some better verses to send you, but my Muse,  
 who sometimes sails amongst the shallows with some  
 dexterity, is now aground. Should you come to  
 England at any future time, come & tell me what  
 sort of a country Michigan is. — In the meantime  
 believe me to be very sincerely yours

B. W. Procter.

I received this letter accompanied by a little poem from Bryan Waller Procter — whose pseudonym was "Barry Cornwall." Here is the letter, and the poem is on the next page.

Song.

You are soaring to the Sun ;

I rest in shade.

Your delights are never worn ;

My couch is made  
Undone to the Evening Hours,  
Amid' sweet (the sweetest) flowers.

+

Your road is strewn with strife,

Mine with perfume :

You burn the rose of life.

I nurse the bloom,

Safe from sun, and snows, and showers,

Through all the winding Hours. —

Benny Morrell.

In the following note from Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, there is a reference to the letter from Mr. Thackeray, which you have already seen. Mr. Stoddard's little poem I prize especially because he wrote the autograph copy for me before the verses had appeared in print.

Dear Sir,

I have been glancing over  
your collections of autographs with a  
deal of pleasure. It is one of the best,  
if not the best, that I have ever seen.



The kind little note of Thursday is  
 a jewel for you: you should prize it  
 highly. For my own part I am not  
 only willing but proud to stand in such  
 good company. You will find a letter  
 on my leaf, an unpublished one. Pray accept  
 it, and believe me, Sincerely Yours.  
 Edward Waller Esq 3 R. H. Stoddard.

### The Helmet

I.  
 Where the standards waved the thickest,  
 And the tide of battle raged,  
 Furiously he charged the foe-man,  
 On his snow white steed so bold;—  
 But he wore no guarding helmet,  
 Only his long hair of gold!

II.  
 "Turn, and fly," then rash, young warrior,  
 Of this iron helmet wear;  
 "Nay, but I am armed already,  
 In the brightness of my hair:—  
 For my mother blessed its tresses,  
 And she guards me with a prayer!"  
 R. H. S.

*à tous les cœurs. bien ones que la Patrie est here  
Et ma Patrie est la ou l'on comprend les arts.*

*B Rachel*

*New-York a 29 aout  
1855*

*I dare to write my name upon the page  
Which here which France has written on the age  
That, will endure until the crash of doom  
But this will live no longer than*

*John Brougham*  
Nov 3. 1855

And here we have a sentence in French, written in my book some years ago by Madame Rachel, the great French actress. Translated into English it is something like this:

To all generous hearts how dear is the Fatherland!  
And my Fatherland is wherever the arts are understood.

Beneath the autograph of Rachel in my book is the verse here copied. It was written by John Brougham, a well-known comedian, and is quite characteristic of him.

For some people, autographs seem to possess

no interest whatever, and I have often been amused to see with what indifference they look over my volumes, when I have shown them. Others will read every word, and seem thoroughly to appreciate the autographs, and to such people it is a pleasure to show them.

In these days when photographs are so abundant and cheap, a collection of portraits of celebrities, with autographs, may be made quite interesting, and many people who care little for the autographs may be attracted by the pictures. One of my volumes is thus arranged, and those who examine my books usually find it the most interesting of the three.



*Hats and umbrellas for sale, for sale!*

Hats of all colors to go with your gowns,  
Light-reds and bright-reds and bricky-bronze-browns;  
With patent adjustable high-peaked crowns.

*Hats and umbrellas for sale, for sale!*

Umbrellas for Sundays and rain-days, a line  
Warranted waterproof, silk pure and fine;  
Handles of malachite, rarest design

*Hats and umbrellas for sale, for sale!*

See our new stalk, see our merchandise gay!  
Our prices are low as the lowest, they say,  
Except for our best things, which we give away

*Hats and umbrellas for sale, for sale!*

## STAR-BLOSSOMS.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

HE watched the soft blue sky, where stars were coming,  
Like daisies that the meadow stud,  
And said, "Oh, see! a little star has blossomed,  
And there's another one in bud!"

# ELFIE'S VISIT TO CLOUDLAND AND THE MOON.

BY FRANCES V. AND E. J. AUSTEN.

## TRICK THE TENTH.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE MOON. IT IS MADE OF CHEESE! ELFIE AND E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN START FOR THE MOON. THE CLOUD SHIP.



PIECE of the moon?" cried Elfie.

"Yes, my dear, a piece of the moon!" replied E-ma-ji-na-shun. The moon

is made of the very finest quality of green cheese, as you may have heard. Of course I know many persons say it is n't; but you may quote me as authority for saying that it is. You see the people who live in Cloudland and the Realm of Fancy live almost entirely on cheese, and the moon is the cheese they eat. We eat just so much every day, and every day the moon is just that much smaller until there is nothing left but the faintest rim, which is the rind of the cheese, and then that is eaten up too. Then for the two weeks which pass before there is another full moon, we have to live upon what we have laid by during the two weeks of plenty. But as soon as the new cheese is completed, we fall to and devour that, and so on forever."

"And who is the Man in the Moon, and where do the new moons come from?" asked Elfie.

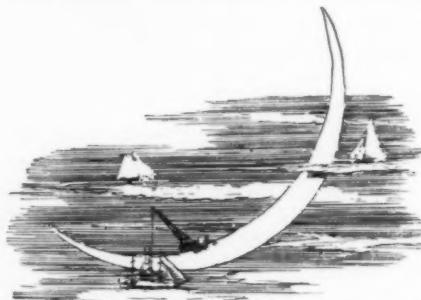
"The Man in the Moon," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, "is a very jolly old chap, whom I created and placed up there in charge of the stores. He also makes the new moons out of the Milky Way, which your papa will show you the next

time you ask him. As soon as the old moon is eaten up, he sails in a cloud ship to the Milky Way, and lays in a new supply of cream and begins to make a new cheese. He first makes a thin half-circle for a foundation. That is the new moon; then he lays cheese on in thick layers every day until the moon is round and full. Then he takes up his residence upon it, and does nothing but look jolly till the cheese is all gone. He sends down the day's supply by cloud ships, and keeps five of them busy all the time. Just break off a bit of the piece of moon there by your side and see how good it is."

Elfie nibbled a piece of the cheese and found it very nice indeed, nicer than any cheese she had eaten on the earth.

"Oh, how I should like to go there!" she cried, "and see the dear jolly old man! What a lot of things he must have to talk about; for he has looked down at the world so long that he must have seen plenty of strange sights."

"Well, my dear, if you wish to see the Man in the Moon, come along. Let us borrow Mother Goose's broomstick and off we will go.



"HE FIRST MAKES A THIN HALF-CIRCLE FOR A FOUNDATION."

It's a long way, and you must hold on tightly. Order out the broomstick, Mother!"

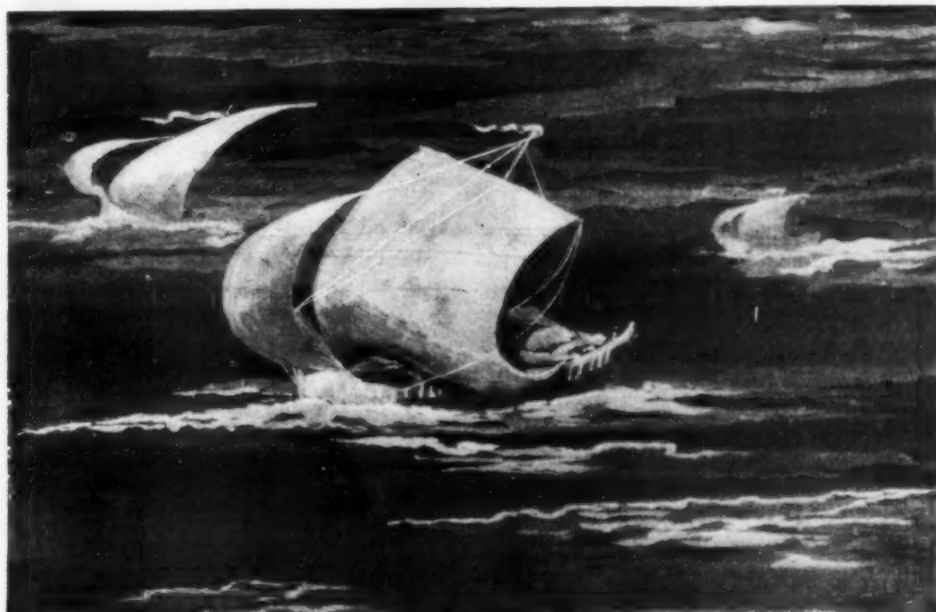
But the broomstick did not wait to be ordered,

for before E-ma-ji-na-shun had done talking—hey, presto!—there it was, prancing as if it were the finest-looking horse in Cloudland.

Elfie waved her hand to Mother Goose and mounted the stick. E-ma-ji-na-shun sprang on behind, and shoo—whizz! they were off.

That was something like a ride. They mounted so quickly that the clouds they passed through looked as if they were falling, and the

and nearer in its descent, she saw that it was the exact shape of a ship, with masts, sails, and rigging complete. The deck was heaped up with what seemed quite a mountain of cheese. Tiny goblins dressed like sailors, and with round full-moon faces, were running about pulling on ropes and hoisting the snow-white sails on the purple masts. One of them, whose head was very large and round, and who had long spidery



"ELFIE SAW SOMETHING WHICH SEEMED TO HER A LIGHT FLEECY CLOUD FLYING ALONG BEFORE THE WIND."

sky began to look so near that Elfie was afraid she would bump her head. Suddenly E-ma-ji-na-shun seized the string which served for reins and brought the broomstick to a standstill.

"What's the matter?" thought Elfie. "We certainly are not at the moon yet."

"Look out!" cried E-ma-ji-na-shun. "Here comes one of the cloud ships laden with cheese!"

Elfie saw something which seemed to her a light fleecy cloud flying along before the wind, as she had often seen clouds do on a windy day.

E-ma-ji-na-shun told her that every one of those tiny cloudlets she had seen was a ship carrying messages or freight to and fro among the people of Cloudland.

As the cloud she was looking at came nearer

legs growing from beneath his chin, was standing on top of the heap of cheese and directing the sailors.

"That man," said her guide, "is the celebrated 'Captain Nemo,' whom your brothers have read about; perhaps you know him better as Mr. Nobody. He is the captain of this ship, the 'Golden Fleece.'"

As he spoke, the crew of the cloud ship caught sight of Elfie and the broomstick, and they rushed to the side of the vessel to give a hoarse little cheer, which sounded to Elfie very much like the sighing of the wind. They passed quite near, and the crew waved their tiny caps, while Captain Nobody shouted through his speaking-trumpet, "A pleasant voyage to you!"



Just then a gust of wind filled the sails and away the ship went through the air, pitching and tossing quite like a real ship on the ocean.

The last Elfie saw of it, it was disappearing into a sea of mist, with all the wee sailors hard at work hauling and pulling, while Captain Nobody was running about giving orders and stamping his feet because the sailors were too slow in obeying.

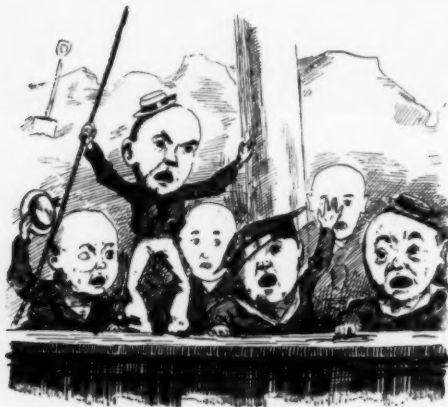


CAPTAIN NOBODY.

As soon as the Golden Fleece had vanished into the mist, E-ma-ji-na-shun started the broomstick, and away they went again on their voyage.

It seemed only a very short time before Elfie was aware that they were coming quite close to a very large *something*! It grew bigger and bigger as they came nearer.

"There's the moon!" shouted E-ma-ji-na-shun; "it is only a little time past being full, so that you will be able to see it at its



"THE CREW WAVED THEIR TINY CAPS."

very best. Now be careful, my dear, as you step off!"

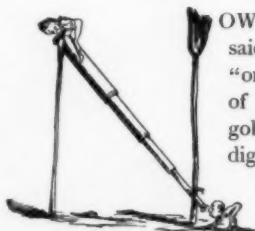
As he spoke the broomstick descended very gently to the surface of the moon.



ELFIE ARRIVES AT THE MOON.

### TRICK THE ELEVENTH.

ELFIE ARRIVES AT THE MOON. SHE MEETS THE MAN IN THE MOON.



"OW, step off carefully," said old E-ma-ji-na-shun, "or you will fall into one of those pits the moon-goblins have made in digging cheese."

Elfie did as she was told, and was very careful as she

stepped from the broomstick; then she looked around her. Here she was actually at the moon at last! What a wonderful sight! As far as she could see, in every direction, there were stretched out miles upon miles of cheese. In some places it was quite flat, forming great level plains, but it was broken up here and there by what looked like great mountains and deep valleys. "These were made," said E-ma-ji-na-shun, "by the goblins, digging out the supplies for the people of Cloudland."

On all sides, hundreds of these little fellows were hard at work digging away at the golden soil, piling it into heaps, and loading it into tiny railroad-cars which ran from the mines to the wharves at the edge of the moon, where it was thrown into heaps all ready for loading into the next cloud ship that put in for a cargo. Elfie noticed that on the top of every heap and mountain a big fire was blazing away brightly. E-ma-ji-na-shun told her that these were kept



THE CHEESE MINES OF THE MOON.

burning all the time, so that the workmen, who never slept, could see to work at night. The cloud ships came for their cargoes at all hours, and no delay was possible.

"It is the light from these fires that makes the moon shine so to the people of the earth," added the old gentleman, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "If you will look out of your window on the next windy night we have, you may perhaps see some of the cloud ships at the wharves loading up with cheese."

himself a castle where he can rest comfortably after the hard work of making the new moon."

As they came near, she saw in front of a large hole in the side of the mountain, shaped like a door, an enormous man. Elfie thought he must be at least fifty feet high. He was dressed in a long, brown coat, which reached to his knees; on his legs were long blue stockings, and purple trunks; his shoes were ornamented with buckles, his cap was blue and cut to a point in front, while a long amber-colored feather which

During this talk, they were walking along toward the center of the moon, and Elfie, who kept her eyes open, saw that there was a very high mountain, resembling a fantastically shaped castle, rising out of the middle of the plain.

"There's the home of the Man in the Moon," said her guide. "Of course, as that part of the moon gets eaten up, he has to move over toward the edge; but he always builds



THE CLOUD SHIPS ON A WINDY NIGHT.

floated up from it showed that he was a little bit vain of his personal appearance. His head was very, very large, forming at least one-third of his whole height. The face was round and full and very jolly-looking, a slight droop to the left eyelid giving his eyes such a quaint, sly look that nobody who looked at him could possibly help laughing.

He was sitting down on a great heap of cheese, having his dinner; and (to show you what a very extraordinary man he was) he was eating the front of his own house!

"Hullo!" he shouted, when he saw our little traveler, "hullo! What brings you here? It is n't often that I have the pleasure of speaking to any Earth-children. Come here and let me shake hands with you."

He stooped down and took Elfie's hand in his mighty fist and shook it warmly.

"Sit down, sit down, little one; here is a nice seat. Of course you wish to ask questions. I never knew an Earth-child who did not. Go right on, and I will tell you all you wish to know."

Elfie settled herself comfortably on the soft cheese seat, ready to enjoy herself.

"In the first place," she said, "I'd like to know about some of the things you have seen from here, and why do you look so jolly, please? I should have thought that you would feel more like crying all the time, for you have to work so hard making the new moons. Then I have read and heard so much of the misery that there is in the world, and which you must see every night. I can't understand how you manage to look so happy about it."

While Elfie spoke, the Man in the Moon looked very serious, and as she finished, he buried his face in his hands. When he uncovered it the smiling, happy look had gone.

"My little girl," he said, "you have asked me questions which would take me a lifetime to answer. This, though, I can say — that I *have* seen a great deal of trouble, misery, and wretchedness down upon the Earth, but I have seen also a great number of things to rejoice at, and to make me glad. Long, long ago, I found that to sit down and make myself miserable about things that I could not help, did me no possible



ELFIE MEETS THE MAN IN THE MOON.

good; and that one who does so only cripples his powers for usefulness. By being bright and cheerful I have made many people happy, and kept my own heart young. You — and others — might remember this.

"As for my working so hard making me cry, I can tell you that the very best help toward making a contented mind is to work — work — work. Not, certainly, to toil on forever with no rests for play or pleasure, but to do *something* every day. I have always found that when I sit down to rest with the knowledge that I have

*accomplished* something, I am always the happier for it and enjoy myself much better.

"Now for the things I have seen. I could, as you may well believe, tell you more stories about the things that have happened under my light, than you could get into the biggest story-book that was ever written.

"Some day I will tell you some of these stories, but I think you are now pretty well tired after your long flight with E-ma-ji-na-shun, so we will wait for another time.

"Come and see me again, and I will give you a packet of stories that will last you till next Christmas. Good-by! my dear little child—good-by—good-by—good-by!"

Elfie certainly had begun to feel very sleepy; she had had so much to see and to think about that she was feeling quite tired. Several times during the last part of the speech she had felt her head nodding, and as he was saying—"Good-by—good-by!" her head sank lower and—her eyes closed. The Man, the castle, the moon, and E-ma-ji-na-shun grew dimmer, at last disappeared altogether, and Elfie was fast asleep.

#### TRICK THE TWELFTH.

ELFIE RETURNS TO EARTH. WHERE IS E-MA-JI-NA-SHUN? THE NEW PUZZLE.

"Wake up, wake up, Elfie!" called a familiar voice. "Wake up! Why, you have been fast asleep before the fire for the last two hours."

Elfie opened her eyes and found herself in the same chair that Mr. Krome had sat in when he had taken her on his lap and told her about E-ma-ji-na-shun.

She could hardly believe her senses. Where were all the wonderful things she had seen? Where was the Toy Castle? Mother Goose—

the broomstick, the moon, and the dear old Man? And where was E-ma-ji-na-shun?

She sat up in the chair and rubbed her eyes. There was the fire just as it had looked when E-ma-ji-na-shun had appeared out of the smoke. Everything was just as usual, but while she looked she heard the ashes drop from the grate, and she started as she recognized the familiar chuckle of the quaint old man who had shown her the wonders of Cloudland.

Could it have all been a dream, she wondered. No! She was sure it all had happened. She could remember everything she had seen and every word she had heard. Where was Mr. Krome? He had gone away while she had been in Cloudland. How did she get back?—and she laughed as she thought how E-ma-ji-na-shun would have chuckled and said:

"Ha, ha!—another of my tricks, my dear."

Well, it was no use worrying about it. One thing she made up her mind about. She would have Mr. Krome bring E-ma-ji-na-shun to her again the first time he called. She wished very much to go to the moon again; there was one question she had never asked, and now it was worrying her as the other questions had worried her before her journey to the Realm of Fancy.

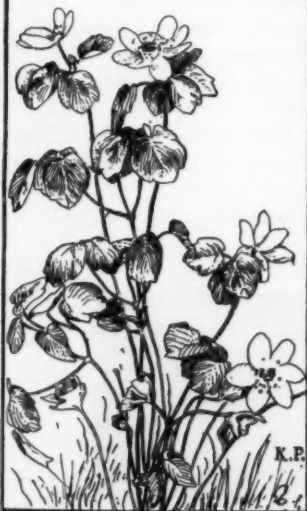
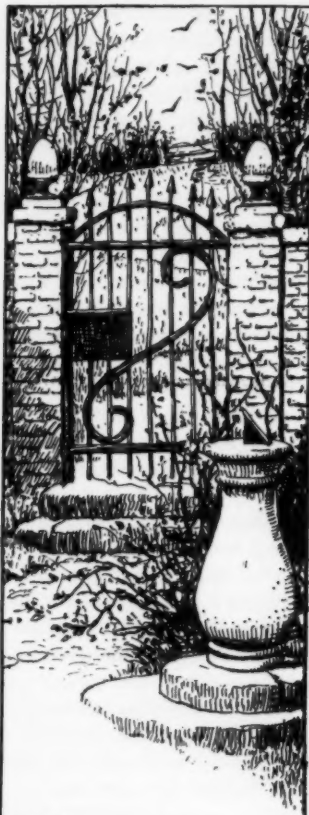
Now, I am sure you will think that Elfie was one of those little people who are bound to worry about something—who, if they have one thing explained to them, are not happy till they are miserable over something else.

I think so myself, and I am quite out of patience with her.

What do you think worries her now? Why, this: How the moon stays up there without tumbling down?

What do *you* think about it?





# **A**pril .

They promised me a flower-bed  
That should be truly mine ,  
Out in the garden by the wall  
Beneath the ivy vine .

The box-wood bush would have to stay ;  
The daily rose bush too ;  
But for the rest they'd let me plant  
Just as I chose to do .

Though not a daffodil was up  
The garden smelled of spring ,  
And in the trees beyond the wall  
I heard the blackbirds sing .

I worked there all the afternoon ;  
The sun shone warm and still ;  
I set it thick with flower seeds  
And roots of daffodil .

And all the while I dug I planned ,  
That, when my flowers grew ,  
I'd train them in a lovely bower ,  
And cut a window through ;

The visitors who drove from town  
Would come out there to see ;  
Perhaps I'd give them each a bunch ,  
And then how pleased they'd be !

I made my plans- and then for weeks  
Forgot my roots and seeds ,  
So when I came that way again  
They all were choked with weeds .

K. Pyle .



## BUSY CORNERS IN THE ORIENT.

BY FRANK STILES WOODRUFF.

EVERYBODY has heard about the dogs and donkeys of Oriental cities, how the dogs roam about without owners, and how the donkeys bear patiently their many burdens and get only scanty thanks in return. But all Eastern streets abound in novel and fascinating sights—bright gowns, tiny shops, veiled women wearing wooden sandals, gaunt camels swaying along with rude bells tinkling. From the first the energetic peddlers are conspicuous. If the traveler approaches the Levant by way of Constantinople, he plunges at once into their favorite haunts. The first night in this great, historic city will not be forgotten, for the howling of the hungry street-dogs is hardly silenced before the coming of daylight brings out a multitude of these noisy venders, and then sleep is out of the question. One would think they were trying to arouse the people in the next street, to have them all ready for making purchases. Some are shouting in Turkish and some in Greek, advertising the excellence of the good things that they have in the high baskets on their backs or on diminutive mouse-colored donkeys. We look down from the hotel window and watch them as they pass along or stop for bargaining. There are loads of tempting white grapes, rosy peaches, and a profusion of fresh vegetables evidently just in from the gardens along the Bosphorus, or those bordering the Sweet Waters beyond the Golden Horn. In all the towns along the Asia Minor coast these scenes are repeated, with perhaps a trifle less noise. At Smyrna, in early autumn, the *mina* swarms with sellers of the luscious sugar-melons, and a little earlier all the ports of the Greek Archipelago echo with "Sweet, fresh figs!"

But it is in the streets of Syrian cities that we are most interested. Beyrout, where the Turkish jargon gives place to Arabic, is our first point of approach, and sailing down the coast in the afternoon light, the setting of the city is

truly superb. From the rocky harbor the graceful beach of St. George's Bay sweeps around to the northeast, reminding one of the Bay of Naples. The houses, rising on terraces as they recede from the sea, are of varied architecture, presenting colonnades of slender pillars cut from Italian marble, tall minarets, or little square dwellings with flat roofs. East of the city rises to a height of more than eight thousand feet the majestic range of Lebanon capped with snow in winter, and to the rugged slopes cling a score of pretty villages, like swallows' nests under the rocky eaves. We can be quite resigned to the treelessness of the mountain-sides. What delicately tinted crags, what alternations of light and shade as the deep chasms fill with evening shadows, what gorgeousness on clouds and peaks as the sun plunges finally into the blue waves of the Mediterranean! We find Beyrout a city of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, many of whom are Europeans, and have brought with them European houses and streets and shops and costumes. But within the *old city*, inside the dingy walls that at the beginning of this century inclosed all there was of Beyrout, we can find the same queer, narrow, crooked streets and miniature shops as in Damascus or Hamath.

Landing at the wooden pier by a small boat from the steamer, we meet our friends, the hawkers, in full cry. Among the jostling crowd of travelers, soldiers, porters, and beggars, they sell and thrive.

"*Khamsi, khamsi!*" cries one seedy-looking individual with a leathern bottle strapped upon his back. He means "only five paras for a refreshing, cool drink of lemonade,"—lemons from the groves of Sidon, with snow from the crown of Lebanon! The goatskin looks anything but clean, and the man himself is not attractive, but we notice that a small boy has handed over his half-cent, and out pours his

draught from the brass spout. At the same time the bearer of the goatskin replaces the stopper (his left thumb), puts on a business-like air, and repeats his shrill cry, "Khamshi, khamshi!" with new ardor. We always knew beforehand when the lemonade man was coming, by the clinking of two little brass plates that he carried in his right hand, and which he used to aid his voice in bringing himself into notice. Sometimes, in the winter, he will change the drink, and delight the taste of his customers with cocoa instead of lemonade. But whether with cocoa or lemonade, the man with the goatskin is a



"KHAMSI, KHAMSI!" (LEMONADE-SELLER.)



THE BREAD-SELLER.

regular institution in his quarter of the town, and many a copper slips into his hand.

Here comes the bread-seller. He is one of a large class, and the flat pancake-like loaves that he has in his basket show how the Beyrout people make bread. The same flat cake, of varying size and thinness, is everywhere the form of bread in Palestine and Syria. When fresh it is very sweet and palatable; but when old, much like shavings.

At some towns in Mount Lebanon the loaves are baked in circular form, about two feet across, and almost as thin as paper. It is related that once a foreigner on eating his first meal in the mountains, took one of these loaves and spread it on his lap, thinking it was some new style of napkin. Strange as this seemed to his Syrian host, we can hardly be surprised at the

mistake, for to our Western eyes this thin, flexible sheet looks far more like cloth than like bread. But this kind of bread has one great advantage, for it does away with the necessity of using spoons. Those sitting at dinner tear off a piece from the loaf, fold it as a cup, and then dip a portion of food from the general dish in the center of the table; devouring thus with each mouthful both spoon and contents. The housewives of Beyrout enjoy a touch of that convenient coöperation that is proposed by certain reformers of to-day; not that they take their meals in large public dining-rooms, but they *do* have public ovens, thus doing away with some of the household's "private gear." The dough is flattened out into disks of the proper size, and the boys or girls of the family put these on trays and carry them to the nearest oven, where they are soon baked on the smooth hot slabs. We cannot stop here to describe the various and interesting processes of bread making as they are practiced in the villages of Lebanon, or in the Bedouin camp. Other things close at hand crowd upon our attention.

Bordering the narrow bazaars and under gloomy archways are the queer little shops. Here business never becomes very brisk. Life creeps along sluggishly, and the shopkeepers seem to have their full share of the general sleepiness. Here is an old white-turbaned citizen with water-vessels piled up about him. These are his stock in trade,—a very little shop and very cheap ware. A few dollars would buy him out. All his goods are of the light unglazed pottery manufactured near the city, and are quite necessary in every household. Those slender-necked bottles hanging on the wall are used on the table as carafes; the little jugs with spouts are the ordinary drinking-vessels. Instead of using glasses or cups, all Syrians drink directly from the little jugs, lifting them up above the face and letting a stream fall into the mouth. They never let the spout of the pitcher touch the lips, as that is considered a serious breach of etiquette. Some of the larger vessels are used for carrying water from the village well or fountain, and at almost any hour of the day, especially near nightfall, you may see scores of women and girls chatting around the public reservoir. Their vessels filled, they carry them

quickly home, balanced gracefully on head or shoulder.

The big jar standing on the floor (almost big enough to accommodate one of the "Forty



THE POTTERY MERCHANT.

Thieves") will find its way to some house for holding the family supply of oil or olives. On account of the scarcity of wood, vessels of clay have always been most important to the Oriental, and their manufacture seems to have been an old art when Jeremiah went "down to the potter's house," and beheld the work that the craftsman "wrought on the wheels."

The jars are very brittle; a careless motion may shiver one in pieces and send a tearful maiden home from the fountain with her sad story of a broken jar. But I fancy this fact is no little satisfaction to our old vender, and he

chuckles over others' troubles as he puffs away at his *joseh*. All typical Orientals smoke. The tobacco-pipes are of various forms, and this one is called a *joseh*, because the water reservoir at the bottom is usually a cocoanut that the Arabs call *jouse-el-Hind* (Indian-nut). The ordinary pipe of the East is the *narghile*, or hubble-bubble, such as you have often seen in pictures. This is a glass vessel, surmounted by a little brass bowl for the tobacco, and provided with a flexible tube four or five feet long. The glass vessel is partly filled with water, a portion of moist tobacco is placed in the brass bowl, a red-hot coal is laid on this, and the pipe is ready. The smoke being drawn through the water is cooled and purified, while the sound of the air agitating the water gives the pipe its name, *hubble-bubble*.

It is always a delight for the Syrians to gather in some public café and entertain themselves with pipes and tiny cups of black coffee. At such times the professional story-teller is welcome. Some winter night we look in upon such a scene. A score of men sit about on low stools, while at one end of the arched room sits the story-teller. Sometimes he recounts very vividly the valorous deeds of his warlike ancestors; again, he speaks of love, throwing into the form of verse his visions of beauty and gentleness; now the listeners forget their pipes as he brings back to their minds scenes of 1860, when feuds between Druses and Maronites had sprinkled the sides of Lebanon with Christian blood. Between the stories, the low gurgle of the water-pipes sounds a musical applause, and we Westerners realize that we are, in very truth, in the land of "The Thousand and One Nights," listening to the magic language of "Aladdin" and "Sindbad," and the "Forty Thieves"—the much-loved language that the Arabs call "The tongue of the angels." Finally, at a late hour, there are signs of breaking up. The story-teller is rewarded with a copper bit from each of the company, the host is paid for his evening provision of pipes and coffee, and the men retire to their homes.

The next morning our friend the café-keeper washes out his pipes, places them in order on long shelves, and is ready for another day's entertaining.

Near-by is the native barber's place of business. What an odd little establishment it is! Like most Eastern craftsmen he is content with a simple outfit, and he finds his customers quite satisfied. Almost everything in his shop is of native manufacture. The towels, of cotton and silk, are woven on the hand-loom of Hamah; the brass water-vessel and the inlaid frame of his hand-mirror come from the bazaars of Damascus; but the razors are doubtless of English make. The demure victim in the picture is receiving a fashionable shampoo, and, as usual, he helps the barber by holding the tin neck-basin while the water falls upon his head from above.

All sorts of mechanical arts in the East impress us with their simplicity—not that Syrians are behindhand in making beautiful things, but



THE BARBER SHAMPOOING A CUSTOMER.

the methods and machines are very simple. Everything is hand-made. The rich rugs whose combinations of color and whose silky sheen

are so much prized in our American homes are all made laboriously by hand in the villages of Syria, Persia, and Kurdistan. Work in brass, silver, and mother-of-pearl, while some of it is exceedingly delicate, is all done without the aid of any improved machinery. The exquisite weaving of cotton and silk that has made Syria famous is wrought on the rudest of hand-looms.

The carpenter behind the chips and shavings illustrates Eastern wood-working. He is making a chair-round on his rough turning-lathe. With his right hand he revolves the piece of wood, using a kind of bow such as our jewelers use on small lathes. The chisel he holds with his left hand assisted by his toes. We are inclined to pity him and his bungling machine, but our pity he does not need. Give him time, and he will bring out some very fair work, specimens of which may be seen hanging about his shop. His principal work is the manufacture and repairing of furniture. He receives little, but fortunately his wants are few. Ordinarily his water-pitcher and pipe will be within reach, and no doubt secreted somewhere about the room are a few flat loaves and a bit of fresh cheese that will satisfy him till evening. Then he will stop work, slip his feet into the big, red, sharp-pointed shoes, and trudge away off to his home.

The work of an Eastern farmer is even ruder than the carpenter's. His crude plow, drawn by cows, makes a shallow drill instead of turning a furrow. He reaps with a sickle, instead of using a self-binder, and as for the threshing, it is about the same process that Ruth saw at the threshing-floor of Boaz in the valley of Bethlehem. We hear rumors of railroad building in Syria (those Western conveniences must come some day), but now, instead of the noisy clang of engines and cars, the produce of the land swings quietly along the rough roads to the seaboard. Camels and mules and donkeys form the freight-trains of the East.

But let us turn to more literary subjects and inquire into the profession of the public letter-writer. All natives of Syria use Arabic, and in ordinary speaking make use of words and phrases familiar to all classes. The language, as written, deals with the more formal, literary words,

of which the common people often know nothing. Hence the language may be regarded as composed of two dialects, more or less distinct—spoken Arabic and written Arabic. The



ORIENTAL TURNING-LATHE.

general lack of learning has created a somewhat honored profession, represented by the public letter-writer. His office presents rather a literary aspect from the specimens of fine handwriting that adorn the walls. A small chest for writing-materials, a low four-legged stool for his patron, and (with the inevitable water-pipe) his outfit is complete. His pens are not at all like ours, but are merely pieces of reed cut from the water-courses, and sharpened in very much the same way that our grandfathers sharpened their quill pens. The scribe kneels on one knee, places a sheet of paper on his left hand, takes the reed pen in his right, and is ready for the dictation of his customer. The letter, as a rule, will be largely introduction and conclusion, for which the scribe has regular formulas to suit men of every rank. A little space somewhere between the formal phrases of ceremony is incidentally reserved for *news*, but the most important items will probably be found in a postscript. Through the influence of Europe and America, schools of every grade are multiplying and im-





THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER AND HIS CUSTOMER.

proving in Syria; and as time goes on the public scribe will find himself with fewer and fewer patrons, till finally he may have to give up his profession altogether and become private secretary to some great man—a mudir or pasha.

Can it be that when the dawn of New Year's day shall usher in the year 2000 A. D., the foot of Western civilization will be treading these picturesque byways, and steam-whistles echoing among the hills of the sunny East?

## A GREAT FIGHT.



THE first I heard of it was when Fred came rushing into the house after breakfast. "The enemy!" he cried. "The enemy is upon us!" "Where?" cried the others of us, jumping up. "In the battle-field, of course!" he said; and he seized his flag and rushed out again. We all followed as quickly as we could. I put on the helmet, and Max took the drum, and we let

Toddles have the bugle this time because he'd just tumbled down; and he had the hearth-broom, too, so he was all right. We ran into the field and found that the enemy had taken up a strong position behind the old cannon. (Ours is a *real* battle-field, you know, and has been there ever since the war.) So we formed in line, and Fred made a flank movement, meaning to take the enemy in the rear; but when he heard Fred coming, he charged on our line, and Toddles ran away, but Max and I retreated in good order, and formed again behind a rock, and began to shell him with green apples. He stopped



to eat the apples, and meanwhile Fred completed his flank movement, and falling upon the enemy's rear, whacked it violently with a stick, waving his flag all the time, and shouting "Yield, caitiff! Yield, craven hound!" (I tell him that nowadays people *don't say* those things in war, but he always says that Roland and Bayard did, and that what suited them will suit him.)

Well, the enemy turned suddenly on Fred, and drove him back against the cannon; but

his back, and putting himself at our head, rallied us for a grand charge. We rushed forward, driving the enemy before us. A panic seized him, and he fled in disorder; we pursued him as far as the fence, and he got through a hole and escaped, but not before we each had a good whack at him. It was a glorious victory. Fred made us a speech afterward from the cannon, and we all waved our—well, whatever we had to wave, and vowed to slay the invader if he ever dared to show his nose on



"WE RUSHED FORWARD, DRIVING THE ENEMY BEFORE US."

by that time we had advanced again, and Toddlers was blowing the bugle as hard as he could, which seemed to disconcert the enemy. Fred took a flying leap from the cannon right over

our side of the fence again. Ah, yes! it was a splendid fight.

"Who was the enemy?" Why, did n't I say? Farmer Thurston's pig, of course!

## CHARLIE'S SHADOWS AND THEIR SHADOW HOUSE.

A BEDTIME STORY.

By MATTIE E. PETTUS.

It was Charlie Percy's bedtime. What fun he had had, all that long, lovely day, playing with his little Cousin Lorraine and the white rabbits, out under the old chestnut-trees on Grandfather Stockholm's farm!

Lorraine had just gone away in the carriage with her mama. Charlie felt lonely.

He was four years old. Standing on the porch now, he was wondering if there would be any use in asking to stay up longer?

"No," he concluded, "it would n't be any use!" For there was Aunt Lil in the door, waiting; and there were the great cedars, and Norway-spruce trees on the lawn, rustling their branches; not bowing politely, as they sometimes did, but shaking from side to side, as if they were saying: "No! no! too late! Good-night!"

So Charlie took Aunt Lil's hand, and they went upstairs very slowly, one step at a time. His bright eyes looked curiously at two tall, dark shadows (no, one was short and one tall), standing upon the wall beside him.

Aunt Lil saw them, too, and she nodded pleasantly to the little one, Charlie's own shadow.

But *he* would never have known it for his own, it looked so stout, and had such a funny head.

"Come along upstairs with us, Master Shadow!" said Aunt Lil. "*You* must go to bed, you know, when Charlie does!"

The little boy laughed heartily.

"Tum along, Master Sadow!" he repeated. "Look, Aunt Lil, your sadow tummin' too! Is it doin' to put my sadow to bed?"

"Why, I think so," said his auntie. "See, Charlie! They are coming into the room with us! Now they are hiding until we light the

candle! Oh, the sly things! Wait a minute! You'll see them again!"

Sure enough, as soon as the candle was lighted, there they were!

Charlie clapped his hands, and was much amazed when he saw the little shadow also clapping *his* hands, silently, indeed, but vigorously, as if he in his turn liked the fun of coming back, and taking another peep at Charlie, and the pretty room where he slept, with the white bed looking so soft and so cozy.

"Where were they, Aunt Lil, when—when it was dark—before—before you maked the candle burn?"

Charlie looked intently all around.

"I'm sure I don't know!" said his auntie. "Do you suppose they tell anybody where they hide?"

She placed the candlestick on the high bureau, and began to get the little boy ready for bed. As he always loved to do just at this time, Charlie held up his cheek to be kissed, and his aunt bent down to him.

For one moment he had forgotten his new friends the Shadows, big and little, but there they still loomed, dark and silent, on the opposite wall, as if watching their friends sitting near the bureau.

They seemed to imitate the good-night kiss, too, for the moment Charlie saw them, he cried out joyfully:

"Oh! look at 'em! Little Sadow a-kissin' Big Sadow! Does he like him? Does he talk to him?"

"Good-evening, Mr. Shadow!" said Aunt Lil, politely, for she thought she would go on with the new game. "How are the other little Shadow children? Are they at home to-night in your shadow house? And do you



take them out riding in a shadow carriage, with a shadow horse?"

"And have they dot a auntie, and a mama?" Charlie added, while his dark blue eyes shone bright as stars, so lively was his interest in this queer new family.

"Charlie want to see their sadow house!" was his next remark.

"Please, Auntie, play it all over again!"

But Aunt Lil had put the light out, and "Little Sadow," and "Big Sadow," had "silently stolen away" into the darkness.

Charlie wondered "if they lived in the wall,"—and where their "shadow house" could be? There was no end to his questions—if only Aunt Lil would keep on answering them! But she said it was really "sleepy-time!"

"Come, Charlie boy," she added, "after you have said your prayers, you can get into bed by moonlight. I will pull up the blind. But first let us look out of the window and see the shadow house on the grass. Then, our boy must go to sleep!"

She put aside the white curtains, and Charlie, with his arms around her, stood in the bright moonlight and looked out of the window at the "sadow house."

How plainly they saw it,—the black picture of the long, low farm-house, peaked roof, chimneys and all, clearly drawn in shadows on the grass!

You've seen them often, on many a summer evening, I am sure, little "Bright Eyes" now reading this true history! But perhaps you may like the shadow pictures better, knowing the "story-game" that Charlie and Aunt Lil have made up about them!

"Mr. Sadow's big sadow house!" cried Charlie, laughing. "All dark! All the children in bed?"

He began to understand the game, and yet it was just enough of a riddle to be very entertaining.

"They don't need any lights in *their* windows!" said Aunt Lil. "Neither do we, the moon is so bright!"

"A many new neighbors we 's dot!" said Charlie wisely. "But we tan't see 'em in day-times!"

An unexpected difficulty now occurred to Charlie.

"Poor Sadows tan't walk! House is lyin' down flat!"

The little fellow pretended to be much grieved at the misfortunes of his "new neighbors," but the corners of that naughty little mouth twitched, and let the laugh come out!

"Flat? I should think so!" said Auntie Lil. "How could shadows live in it if it was n't? They are flat, are n't they? Oh, Charlie, look! Now we know why the house is dark! The Shadow children have been out riding to-night! Here comes their carriage!"

Indeed, it seemed that they were to know more of the "Shadow family" and their belongings, for at this moment Uncle James came home, driving the rockaway, with old "Prince" drawing it. Swiftly they came in through the open gate, stopped under the window, and there, I hardly need remind you, on the grass lay the shadowy carriage and horse of Charlie's silent friends!

Old Prince stood like a statue, and very

handsome and proud he looked, as if he knew all about everything! It was very easy for Charlie to imagine "Big Sadow," "Little Sadow," and all the "children" inside the carriage.

"Oh! I want 'Raine to see it!" he exclaimed, clinging so tightly to Aunt Lil that she could hardly breathe.

'Raine, his little cousin, had gone to New York with her mama, to stay all night. They had taken the train after tea, and Charlie had almost forgotten to be lonely without her while he played with his new neighbors who lived in the shadow house.

"Come now," said Aunt Lil; while Uncle James looked up and shook his finger at the little white figure in the window, so surprised was he to see the little boy still out of bed at that unusually late hour.

"Good-night, Uncle James. Do you know the Sadow people?" the white-robed figure called out. But his uncle only shook his head, and Aunt Lil said:

"Come, come, we must say good-night to Little Shadow, and Big Shadow, and perhaps, sometime, we may see them again!"

"Yes; see 'em when 'Raine has come home again!" murmurs Charlie sleepily, his head resting comfortably on the soft pillow, and his eyes blinking drowsily.

To his loving heart no pleasure can be quite perfect without 'Raine; not even the "Sadow people"!



## AN EASTER PROCESSION.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



LET us sing of bright morn breaking  
From the glorious east ;  
Lilies fair their sheaths forsaking ;  
Larks in light their music making ;  
Sing the song of wings and waking  
That befits our feast !

Apple boughs in white are dressing,  
And in heaven's blue arch  
Little clouds, like cherubs pressing  
Rank on rank with cheeks caressing,  
Shed their softness like a blessing  
On our joyful march !





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

APRIL is a strange month, my hearers, and, I may add, a month that has caused a good deal of remark, especially in poetry. For my own part, I rather prefer her predecessor March, a strong, vigorous month as you know, one that speaks his own mind, and knocks boys and girls about in good belaboring fashion. But April is different, a sort of weather-and-water month, so to speak—or to be more poetical, she is a blue-eyed, weepative, yet laughing thing, rather difficult to depend upon unless she feels like it.

And now, suppose we take up the case of a dear little boy who puzzles himself over many things and often asks conundrums without knowing it.

He is a pet of our friend Bessie Chandler who sends you this little song about him; and, as you may suppose, she is very fond of the little fellow:

## THE TUNKUNTEL.

"WHAT is a Tunkuntel?" he asked,  
 "And have you got one here?  
 Why don't you let me play with it?  
 And why is it so dear?"

"A Tunkuntel," I vaguely said,  
 "I've really never seen.  
 Is it a kind of animal?  
 I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do! Don't tell me that!  
 You know it very well,  
 For you always say you love me,  
 More than a Tunkuntel."

## SWEEPING A TREE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: If I had not seen it with my own eyes I should never have believed that trees not only need sweeping sometimes, but get swept. As I crossed Washington Square, here in New York, one morning, I saw a man vigorously brushing the trunk of an elm with a broom made of stiff wires, and, of course,

I stopped to investigate the subject. The sweeper was affable, and in answer to my question told me he was waging war against the caterpillars that had snugly bestowed themselves for the winter in the crevices of the bark. On looking more closely, I saw what appeared to be many bits of soiled cotton-wool. Each one of these rolls of fuzz, I learned, had contained a caterpillar, and later, became the abiding place of countless eggs which only awaited the warm rays of the sun to hatch out into wriggling young leaf-destroyers. "So you see, Miss," said my informant, "in order to save the trees, we have sometimes to give them a sweeping."

My curiosity gratified, I walked on, leaving him engaged in his singular but useful occupation.

Please show this letter to your young congregation, dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and believe me,

Yours truly,

AGNES L. SLADE.

## PICKEREL FROM THE SKY.

"OH, oh, Mr. Jack!" you may think or exclaim reproachfully as I announce this item. But do not be shocked, my beloved, you are going to hear only a true story.

You see, this is how it was: Deacon Green found in a newspaper the statement that a lady walking in the town of Newburyport, Mass., had been startled by a live pickerel falling at her feet, as if it had been tossed to her from the sky; and that she had taken the fish home, cooked it, and eaten it for her breakfast.

Thereupon, that dear Little School-ma'am, who would not doubt the Deacon for the world, cast about in her mind as to what to do next. Suddenly it occurred to her that Harriet Prescott Spofford, the poet and author, lived at Newburyport. And so, the dear little soul, instead of bothering the Deacon with tedious details, straightway wrote to Mrs. Spofford, and in time received the following reply:

MY DEAR FRIEND: The incident is perfectly true. Mrs. J., crossing the fields from the West Newbury road to the Artichoke Hills, saw a large hawk drop the fish. She picked it up, but, as it flopped, called her husband, who held it for her. It was, of course, alive, and they had it at breakfast the next morning, and it weighed about a pound-and-a-half. There have always been pickerel in the Artichoke, which on one side of the West Newbury road almost loses itself in marshy shallows, but on the other is a mile-long succession of dark, still pools, all overshadowed and painted by the thick, leafy woods among which it winds. Hawks also are a frequent sight all about here, with their beautiful flight. We have eagles, too! A pair of them build up the river beyond the "Laurels," and come sailing down, and we live in constant dread of the gunners finding them out. One rainy day I saw one of the pair get his talons caught in the chains of the bridge, just on the edge of the island—he was flying low, I suppose, on account of the heavy air—and he hung there with his wide wings stretched almost a minute before he disentangled himself and swept away and was a magnificent picture on the gray sky.

While driving on my way to verify the pickerel story, my faithful old Michael, whose word I would take as soon as any one's in the whole world, said that when a boy in Ireland he had many a time seen a raven drop by accident the egg it had stolen, and then turn over and tumble and catch the egg again before it could reach the ground! I believe it because Michael says so.

Yours, H. P. S.



## BRAVE LITTLE SAILORS OF THE AIR.

DEAR JACK: Will you please show your great big crowd of boys and girls (me among them) this paragraph which I copy from the *Portland Transcript* for the 10th of December last? D. T.

Thousands of goldcrests annually cross and recross the North Sea at the wildest period of the year, and, unless the weather is rough, generally make their migrations in safety. And yet this is the smallest and frailest British bird—a mere fluff of feathers, and weighing only seventy grains.

Good! Take courage, then, my little folk, my weak ones, and all who having but little strength yet seem to have long and difficult paths before you. That there are human goldcrests, we may be sure.

## THAT UNFORTUNATE GRASSHOPPER.\*

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: In the November *St. Nicholas*, Benjamin Webster told of a dead grasshopper clinging to a stalk of goldenrod. I can give no explanation as to how the insect came there, or why he stayed there after death; but write to tell you that I found a grasshopper in exactly the same fix last summer.

However, my grasshopper was not in favor of the goldenrod, for he clung to some stiff weed whose name I cannot give. E. O. E.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I have learned from good authority the probable cause of the grasshopper being found dead and stuck to that stem of a goldenrod.

Grasshoppers in the late autumn are subject to a fungous disease, and this grasshopper may have jumped up there, and having died of some fungous disease, stuck there, as flies will stick to a window-pane after being dead from a similar cause. ERNEST FORBES.

Very good, boys. And here is still another letter which undoubtedly bears upon the case in hand:

## FLIES DO SOMETIMES DIE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: My brothers and I were so much interested in the stiff-grasshopper picture that accompanied B. Webster's letter of last November, that we have tried to learn something more about the matter. The most satisfactory thing we came across was a short article copied from the *London Globe* which, while it did not mention grasshoppers at all, either stiff or nimble, threw a good deal of light upon our subject. The article said, in substance, that house-flies, like many other insects, are subject to the attacks of a parasitic fungus which destroys great numbers of them, especially toward the end of autumn. We sometimes see the victims glued to the window-panes in the attitude of life, with legs widely spread and wings raised as if in preparation for flight, but with a white halo on the glass all round them, and with bodies pale and distended. The spores of the fungus, which are exceedingly minute and are present in the air, have been carried against the fly's body, and such as struck its under surface had adhered, when each spore had sent out a long tubular projection, which penetrated the skin and body.

Once established, the parasite-fungus meets with suitable nourishment in the various fluids of the fly's

body, by aid of which it will speedily multiply itself until its victim, drained of its life's support, finally dies. The thread-like tube first produces a series of detached, rounded bodies. These cells, which have an indefinite power of self-multiplication, are carried by the blood to all parts of the body, and thus the disease spreads.

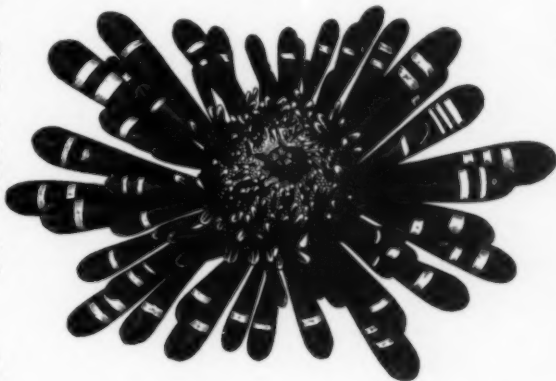
The particular species of fungus which makes havoc with the house-flies is called *Empusa musca*, and is one of a group which are distinguished by their habit of subsisting upon living insects. Under its attack the fly becomes gradually feebler, and finally quite unable to move; and then the viscid secretion upon the pads of the feet hardens and glues the insect to the surface to which it is clinging, while the fungus spreads round it and leaves some of its spores adhering so as to form the halo above described.

HENRY C. E.—.

## WHAT IS THIS?

WHAT in the world does this picture represent? All I know about it is that the *St. Nicholas* artist requested me to show it to you, and when I asked him what it was, he disrespectfully called me a landlubber.

I repeat, what is it? Is it fireworks? Is it a baseball-bat lunatic asylum? Is it a wild flower that has no idea how to behave itself; or what is it? If any of you really know, pray write to your



distracted Jack. I've asked the Deacon and the dear Little School-ma'am, and though they evidently know all about it, they simply smile and reply: "Ask the children."

Now, there remains, it appears, one more open question which this congregation has not yet settled:

## AN ANSWER REQUESTED.

DEAR JACK: I want to know if you think that horses, cows, dogs, and cats, etc., have languages of their own, and can understand each other's language, and also what proof can you give to support your opinion? Your interested reader,

FANNIE S. B.—.

Jack has his own opinion on this question, Miss Fanny,—but before replying he would like first to hear from a few hundred of his observing young hearers and investigators.

\* See page 83 of *St. Nicholas* for November, 1890.



HUDSON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to send you a beautiful patriotic poem, written by my little nine-year-old brother. He composed it one night after being put to bed, as he could not get to sleep. He entitled it "War," but now wishes he had named it "They are Coming," which seems more appropriate, there not being much war about it.

GERTRUDE DU B—.

WAR.

THEY are coming, they are coming,  
To destroy our native land:  
They are coming, they are coming,  
From every shore and strand.  
They are coming in the morning, they are coming in the  
night,  
And now, my fellow-countrymen, we must all take flight.

They are coming, they are coming,  
With all their swords erect,  
They are coming, they are coming,  
Ourselves we must protect.  
They are coming in the morning, they are coming in the  
night,  
And now, my fellow-countrymen, we must all prepare to  
fight.

They're upon us, they're upon us,  
Oh, help us every one!  
We'll be murdered! We'll be murdered!  
The father and the son.  
And now we must prepare to flee  
Across the meadow and the lea.

COLUMBUS, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is out west, in Columbus, Ohio, and I write to tell you of a boy's good luck, or rather of the generous hearts of some of our inhabitants.

In the *Dispatch*, a newspaper published here, there was a picture of Santa Claus, and the one who collected the most of these would receive a little Shetland pony. Mama gave the most of ours to children who came

around to collect them, as Perin and I already have a pony and cart.

There is a little cripple boy who sits in a small wagon in front of my uncle's office; he has never stood upon his feet; he sells papers, supporting his mother, little sister, and little brother. Many persons buy papers of him and give him twenty-five cents or fifty and do not wait for the change. This little cripple boy collected 167,430 of these coupons and received the pony.

A little girl had collected three thousand of the coupons and gave them all to him. A gentleman gave him a little wagon, another the harness, another the fur robe and whip, another a whole suit of clothes.

Every one was delighted that this poor little cripple boy should receive the prize, and I think he never before had such a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Your respectful reader, MINNIE M. M—.

FORT COLLINS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven or eight years, but have never written you a letter.

I have been attending the Agricultural College at this place since last September, and like it very much. There are about ninety students in attendance, but about half of them live in town. The dormitory has room for about thirty boys.

We have the regular Government uniform, light-blue trousers and dark-blue blouse.

The college grounds cover one hundred and sixty acres, so we have plenty of room to move around in.

My home is in Denver, where I go sometimes to spend Sunday, as I get a little homesick if I have to stay at school all the time, and Denver is only ninety miles away. From your best friend,

J. S. D.

DIXON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in your story about "The Boy Settlers," because I live right here at Dixon where they started from.

My grandpa, P. M. Alexander, has lived here fifty

years and knows Mr. Brooks very well, and my grandpa lived in Father Dixon's family for some time. I go very often to the store of the Mr. Brubaker, who was mentioned in the first chapter; and Artie in your "Boy Emigrants" is Captain Upham of the United States Army, who lives near us this winter.

I am too young to write more, as I am only seven years old. Your little friend,  
LEX. ALEXANDER.

WILD CLIFF, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about my visit to Nantucket, last summer. I went with Aunt Lill, who has a house there. We went on the "Puritan," one of the finest boats on the Fall River line. We had Aunt Lill's dog with us; its name is Cleopatra, but it is called Pat. I was very glad when I got to Nantucket. All the old houses have a hole in the roof where the women used to sit with their telescopes, watching for the fishing-boats and whaling-vessels. I did not know how to swim when I went there, but after a while I began to learn, because I saw that all the other boys were having a good time in the water. I soon learned to swim, dive, and do all the funny tricks that the other boys did. On one part of the island there is a "toboggan slide," for the use of the bathers, who slide down it into the water. You have to pay ten cents for a bath-house, and ten cents for the toboggan. I had a friend called Jack, a very nice boy, and his mother took me to a place called Walwinet, in a sail-boat. Another day she invited me to go with them to Siasconset, and allowed me to drive half the way back. There is a man called the town-crier, who goes around ringing a bell, and calling out in a loud voice that there is great surf at the south shore, or an auction in the town, or a fire somewhere, or anything else that does not happen every day. In September my brother Wallace came to Nantucket, and then we had lots of fun. We gathered such pretty shells, and stones, and many other curious things.

I wish I could go to Egypt, as Lucy Ellsworth did. My mama has just been reading her diary to us. We all liked it so much. Mama says she has seen her, and that she is a pretty little girl. Good-by, now.

Your little friend,  
ARTHUR S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Kingston, N. Y., but am visiting in Hammon, N. J.

I read your story in the November ST. NICHOLAS about "The Mules and the Electric Car," and now I want to tell you another.

In the house where I am staying there is a large tank to hold water. Once or twice it was found empty. A faucet was found open in the barn and all the water running out, but all the men said they had not left it open. Besides horses there are two old mules. One morning when one of the men opened the barn-door he saw one of the mules go to the faucet, turn on the water with its teeth and take a drink. Then they knew who had done the mischief. Was n't it clever? But it required more than animal intelligence to know enough to turn the water off.

ISABELLA W. C.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am so fond of your magazine that I don't know how I'd get along without you.

I live in Japan and am sixteen years old. Japan is a very interesting country, especially all the Japanese customs. Is n't it funny? At New Year's when you have bought anything in a shop, this shop—I mean the shopkeepers send you a nice present with their card and

wishing you a happy New Year. Very nice things they send, too. For example: a porcelain shop, where we had bought something a little while ago, sent us a very pretty hand-painted Japanese cup and saucer (European shape). Was n't that kind? I wish the shops in America and Europe would be as generous as those in Japan!

Now, I hope this letter will reach its destination.

Good-by, dear ST. NICK. My heartiest thanks for all your interesting stories. Your friend,  
M. E.

CALDWELL, KANSAS.

DEAREST ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old, and I have you bound each year. I read a great deal and could not do without you. Whenever you come there is a great rush, and I claim the right to cut the leaves.

I have a brother Earl, and together we have a pony which we call "Snip." I enjoy riding horseback.

My papa is an experienced hunter, and I enjoy going to hunt with him. We have several bird-dogs and it is so interesting to watch them point at the quail, and then when papa kills the birds, they run to fetch them to us.

Papa used to have a ranch and we used to go to visit it. Earl and I would go on horseback, or out to see the cows get milked. We would go down to the creek and wade in the water sometimes.

Papa has a kodak, to take pictures with, and he takes them quite often.

Mama reads to us often, because my eyes are quite weak, and they hurt when I read at night.

From your loving little friend,  
VIRGINIA G.

CHICAGO, ILL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am one of your constant readers. We all enjoy you very much. At the end of the year we give away the ST. NICHOLAS that we have read, to a hospital; then we get the ones already bound.

I would like to tell you how we spent our holidays this winter. We went to Nashville, Montgomery, Mobile, and New Orleans. About the first thing I did when we arrived at Nashville was to get the ST. NICHOLAS. The capitol here is on a high hill with lovely grounds. From there you have a good view of the city. We visited Mrs. Polk's residence. President Polk is buried in the front yard.

At Montgomery, we went to the capitol. It is a large building on a hill, and was the first capitol of the Confederacy. We saw the oldest house in the city, where Lafayette stayed when he came to the United States. This house is two stories high, and is made out of limestone.

It was lovely at Mobile to see roses blooming in the middle of winter.

I noticed the milk-wagons in New Orleans. These reminded me of Tante Modeste taking Lady Jane riding. We saw the Margaret statue. I think it is erected to the Mother Margaret that is spoken of in "Lady Jane."

We crossed the river from New Orleans to Algiers, and from there rode to a sugar-plantation. Near the mill there were fields of sugar-cane. At the mill we saw the sugar-cane crushed and the juice boiled. It was very interesting. We saw negro-cabins near this plantation.

At our school we have an orchestra that consists of three violins, two flutes, and a piano. I play the violin. I also belong to a quartette. I am still, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your devoted reader,  
HONORA S.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen, in your "Letter-box," a letter from St. Paul. Some people think that we have a very hard time in winter, but we do not. There is not one bit of snow to be seen just now. Why,

on Christmas, we had just enough snow to cover the streets. But they had some very cold winters before I came out here. I never saw a city having more hills than St. Paul; I was born in New York City, and lived there until two years ago. I have visited quite a number of cities, but I must say, although I love my birthplace dearly, that I like St. Paul better than any of them. There is so much ground around the houses, and so many trees. In summer, the people visit the surrounding lakes. The schools are closed at present for the holiday vacation, and the lakes, ponds, and rinks are thronged with school children, whose favorite sport is skating.

We have a number of very nice theaters here, and papa and mama have gone this evening to attend the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House.

I like "The Story of the Golden Fleece," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," but "Little Lady Jane"!—why, it's just lovely.

You ought to see the rush that is made for you when you come here! And, remember, if any one wants a good, healthful climate let him come to St. Paul.

Your devoted reader, JULIE M. C—.

#### NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I have spinal-complaint, and have not walked since I was three years old.

I am out a great deal in pleasant weather in my little carriage, and when it is rainy I have my chair close to the window. I used to mind very much not being able to run around like other little girls, but I am getting used to it now and try not to cry when the pain is very bad.

I like "Lady Jane" so much, and I am sorry it is going to end so soon.

A little girl eleven years old ought to write better than this, but you know it is hard, lying so flat, so please excuse it. I am your loving little reader,

PANSY M. M—.

#### VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Vancouver. My grandmama sends you to me for a Christmas present. She lives at St. Klamath. I went there on a visit and had a nice time, for we went to a huckleberry patch, but I ate more than I picked, and it was n't very much use to take me along.

My grandpa shot a large gray wolf in the cow-coral one winter, but it got away through the soft snow, though it was badly wounded.

CLYDE B—.

#### WHITE OAKS, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, ten years old. I live in White Oaks; it is a mining camp. We live 'way up in the mountains.

We have lots of snow up here, and it is snowing while I write. My sister took you for two years, and we both like you very much. I think "The Bells of St. Anne," and the "Golden Casque" are very nice stories; but this is enough for the first time, and I must end.

Your little friend, ROBBIE H. L—.

#### TOWANDA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sisters Amy and Lita and myself thought we would write you a letter. We have five brothers and a dear, sweet mama, and a handsome papa. We live on a small farm, have no near neighbors, so we girls are very much attached to each other.

Amy takes care of the chickens and sells the eggs, and

papa lets her have the money. Lita has some ducks, and I have the three small boys to dress in the morning, for mama is not very well, and we can't afford to keep more than two servants. Well, I will leave the rest for the other girls to write. Your loving and devoted reader,

DONNA T—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The boys are quarreling in the nursery, and Donna has gone in to quiet them. Donna and Amy are twins, but they are just as different as they can be. Donna is the peacemaker, and Amy the one that stirs up all the rows and quarrels. They are fourteen and I am thirteen. These are the first letters that we have ever written, and we hope they will be printed soon. We have great times here, and Amy sells the chickens' eggs, and has the money, and I have the money from the ducks.

But Amy is waiting for her turn and I must stop.

Your admiring reader, LITA T—.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It seems as if the girls had told you all about us; they have n't left anything for me to tell. We have the dearest donkey named "Caesar," and a little donkey-cart. Donna has a cat named "Vagabonda," she calls it Vag, and I have a large Newfoundland dog named "Napoleon." My brother Jack calls Donna and me the "sin twisters"; he means the twin sisters.

Lita is the literary member of our family, and Bob is our musician. I must stop now or this letter won't get mailed to-night. Your interested reader,

AMY T—.

We give herewith the key to the enigmatical letter by "Queen Daisy," printed in the Letter-box of last month: Cyprus (cypress)—Florence—James—James—Flatery—Virginia—Java—Orange—Sandwich—Great Bear—Florence—Fear—Victoria—Cologne—Good Hope—Florence—Virginia—Darling—James—Madeira—James—Newfoundland—Friendly—Lena—Florence—Virginia—Pesth (pest)—Constance—Victoria—Chili—Farewell—Concord.

We thank the young friends whose names follow, for pleasant letters received from them: Grace H., Natie B., Gertrude N., Madge McE., Howard M. N., Helen De F. B., Samuel C. S., Willie M., R. W. B., Bessie G., Clinton De W. Jr., Howard F. C., Virgie L. H., Edith S., Geoffrey S. S., Grace S., Matala W., Ethel C., R. Sherman B., Harry A., Eleanor H. H., Isabel H., Ruth L. S., Alford S., Alice and Gertrude, Linda P., Helen P. M., M. S. A., Carrie B. B., Albert P. T., Katie M. S., Phyllis P., Claribelle W., Mildred L. M., Bertha S., Oglia D., Emmie L. B., Mattie G., Louise F., Lucile P., Jessie F., Louis H. Du B., Susie L. P., Eleanor A. M., R. C. H., Rita D. H., Florence L., Nellie R. M., Dorothy G., Winnie W. C., "Mother Bunch," Mabel H. L., Mary A. McC., Naomi and Kathryn, C. Louise H., Albert D. D., Mary B. H., Elsie D. G., Susie F. H., J. Leggett P., Gladys and "Baby Beth," Claudia W. E., B. Franklin G., U. Erna S., Lucile E. T., Rebecca L. W., Grace May C., Erna H. S., Mollie Lee, E. J. F., James G., Annie and Edith R., Norah R. M., M. H. J., Alice May R., Phyllis S. C., Laura M. D., Cyril T. H., Amy E., Florence S. W., Wm. D., Laura O'B., Frank O. P., R. H. J., Florence B., Yula A. C., Eliza L. W., Vida B., Edith F., Alice G. M., Harold McL., Kenneth, Mollie C. H., H. F., Louis V. M., Harry G. B., Lucy Curran, Roger H. Hovey.

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES: I. 1. Navew. 2. Abele. 3. Venal. 4. Eland. 5. Welds. II. 1. Canon. 2. Agama. 3. Names. 4. Omega. 5. Nasal. III. 1. Vodka. 2. Ozone. 3. Dowel. 4. Knell. 5. Aello.

HEADS AND TAILS. George Kennan. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Giraffe. 2. Eclogue. 3. Ottoman. 4. Cleaver. 5. Glacier. 6. Exclude. 7. Knuckle. 8. Suffice. 9. Naughty. 10. Nankeen. 11. Avidity. 12. Auction.

PI. For me there is no rarer thing  
Than, while the winter's lingering,  
To taste the blessedness of spring.

Were this the spring, I now should sigh  
That aught were spent:—but rich am I!  
Untouched spring's golden sum doth lie.

C. F. BATES.

WORD-BUILDING. E, we, awe, ware, wager, Wagner, wearing, watering, wreathing, weathering.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Jackson; finals, Calhoun. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Judaic. 2. Armada. 3. Cartel. 4. Kadesh. 5. Sissou. 6. Ormolu. 7. Natron.

GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Oread. 2. Ruler. 3. Eloge. 4. Aegis.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Maude E. Palmer—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—Paul Reese—John A. Gamewell—Aunt Kate—Jennie and Mama—A. L. W. L.—"Deerfoot"—"The McG's"—E. M. G.—"May and '79"—Ida and Alice—Billy and Kit—Agnes and Elinor—Clara B. Orwig—Lisa Bloodgood—Jo and I—M. Robertson—Ida C. Thallon—Nan and Grace—"Blithedale"—"Papa and J."—Madge Clark—Nellie L. Howes—Fredrica Ballard—Hubert L. Bingay—"Infantry"—May—"Lehte"—Dame Durden—"Me and Unk"—Arthur Gride—Blanche and Fred—"The Wise Five"—Gertrude L.—Josephine Sherwood—"Tivoli Gang"—"Suse"—J. A. F. and J. H. C.—Alice M. Blanke and "Tiddlywinks"—Winifred D. and Frances W.—Thida and Nardyl—"The Owls"—No name, Binghamton—Papa and Ed.—Charles Beaufort.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from C. S. P., 1—Elaine S., 2—Percival and Bess, 3—Carrie S., 4—Edwin L. Reichenbach, 5—Pearl F. Stevens, 10—H. S. and P. S., 1—May O. Davenport, 1—Elaine S., 1—Calman, 6—"Cat and Dog," 5—Paul Harold W., 10—Arthur B. Lawrence, 3—"Queen Elizabeth," 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Blanche Smith, 5—"We Three," 10—Calman, 5—Edith W. Allyne, 4—H. M. C. and Co., 6—C. S. P., 1—"Uncle Mung," 10—Mater et Filius, 6—Marion S., 9—Carrie Thacher, 4—Robert A. Stewart, 4—H. H. Francine, 5—Nelle M. Archer, 2—Edna and Arthur Haas, 2—Reggie and Nellie, 10—Jeffrey Parsons, 10—M. L. M. and C. E. M., 8—Clara and Emma, 1—"Tootsie Toots," 9—"Badger Girl," 1—R. M. Huntington, 9—E. H. Rossiter, 10—Camp, 1—Miriam and Jessie, 10—Estelle and Clarendon Ions and Mama, 3—Grandma and Arthur, 7—"Squire," 4—Maud Taylor, 7—Sissie Hunter, 4—Edith F., 2.



## PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the eleven following groups of letters may be transposed so as to form a name. When they all have been rightly arranged, the primals will spell the name of a famous man (born in April) who wrote about the characters mentioned.

1. Chklsy. 2. Hlmtae. 3. Lraei. 4. Gklnraei. 5. Clssaeu. 6. Bnsstaaci. 7. Clprseci. 8. Gseeu. 9. Nntayao. 10. Mreoo. 11. Glmraeu. ROSSIE M. S.

## PL

YB eht drue gibred ath crahed het dolof,  
Hirte fagl of lapsir beerz flnerund,  
Heer cone het temetbald armfres odost,  
Dan differ het hots raden nurod eht drowl.

Het feo glon nices ni clinsee stepl,  
Ekali het quercroon nittles peless;  
Dan mite hte dunire gribed sha twesp  
Wond het krad master chihw seadraw sperce.

## RHOMBOIDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. To handle awkwardly. 2. A species of willow. 3. To result from. 4. To retard the motion of. 5. The French word for "heads." DOWNWARD: 1. In stone. 2. An exclamation. 3. Continued or repeated practice. 4. To fix the thoughts on. 5. To surround.

6. To govern. 7. To consume. 8. A pronoun. 9. In stone.

II. ACROSS: 1. A stand. 2. A constellation. 3. Pertaining to the morning. 4. The characters in the Norse alphabet. 5. A surgical contrivance. DOWNWARD: 1. In stone. 2. Toward. 3. To equip. 4. An untruthful person. 5. A flower. 6. A number. 7. A snare. 8. In this manner. 9. In stone.

The first words (reading across) in each of the rhomboids will, when read in connection, name a covering for a certain portion of the hand.

"R. H. OMBOID."

## WORD-SQUARE.

1. A VEHICLE. 2. An open surface. 3. A coin. 4. An oral relation. "THE DAUNTLESS THREE."

## A PENTAGON.



1. In a menagerie. 2. Enticed. 3. More recent. 4. Pertaining to Meton, the Athenian. 5. Signify. 6. Observances. 7. An old word meaning a tax. J. F.



## WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A drunkard. 4. A multitude. 5. A fish resembling the trout. 6. One of the Gorgons. 7. Large wasps. 8. Abridges.

"PYRAMUS AND THISBE."

## BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD to scribble, and leave to creep. 2. Behead visionary, and leave wood of the pine or fir. 3. Behead a kind of grain, and leave a pronoun. 4. Behead to jolt, and leave a measure of weight. 5. Behead a fruit, and leave to pass over. 6. Behead a refuge, and leave a bower. 7. Behead to count, and leave an African fowl. 8. Behead a contest, and leave a line of light. 9. Behead a lineage, and leave a unit. 10. Behead a molecule, and leave a masculine nickname. 11. Behead the name of the plant on which the cochineal bug feeds, and leave a precious stone. 12. Behead a small violin, and leave a pronoun. 13. Behead a ring of a chain, and leave a fluid. 14. Behead enraged, and leave degree. 15. Behead a knot, and leave a short poem.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a great explorer and navigator who was born in 1786.

M. TAYLOR.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals mean joined; my finals, affirms. Each cross-word contains nine letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Being in unison. 2. Careless. 3. Microscopic animals found in water. 4. A scolding woman. 5. Finished with great care. 6. Glass bottles for holding wines.

"THE LANCER."

## A CROSS PUZZLE.



CROSS-WORDS: 1. A masculine name meaning "red-haired." 2. To keep in order, as the feather of a bird. 3. A bright, dazzling light. 4. To expostulate. 5. Having the authority of a magistrate. 6. African quadrupeds. 7. Fissures. 8. Elevates. 9. A slave. 10. A

coin. 11. An arbor. 12. A summary of Christian belief. 13. Pertaining to the principal city of the ten tribes of Israel. 14. Pertaining to the church.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the central letters (indicated by stars) will spell a name sometimes given to Easter.

CYRIL DEANE.

## DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

12 . 1 . 11 .  
13 4 . . 18 .  
10 19 9 . . 7 .  
. 2 14 . . . .  
16 . . . . . .  
. 17 . 6 . 15 20  
. 8 5 . . . 3

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A sheriff's deputy. 2. Originators. 3. A dosel. 4. Small singing birds found in Europe. 5. Footmen. 6. A number. 7. Able to pay all just debts.

The diagonals (from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, and from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand corner) will spell the name of a popular writer; and the letters indicated by figures (from 1 to 20) spell the name of one of her stories.

CLAIRE GIWRO.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

MY first is in scissors, but not in knife  
My second, in bagpipe, but not in fife;  
My third is in bobbin, but not in spool;  
My fourth is in jester, but not in fool;  
My fifth is in April, but not in June;  
My sixth is in mercury, not in the moon;  
My seventh in carriage, but not in cart;  
My eighth is in pudding, but not in tart;  
My ninth is in settle, but not in chair;  
My tenth is in leopard, but not in bear.

My whole a famous battle, as all of you must know—  
It was fought by Santa Anna over fifty years ago.

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy letters, and am a quotation from "The Leviathan."

My 25-41-7-53-20-49 is an absolute ruler. My 57-12-44-29 is to regard with care. My 33-68-63 is to trifle. My 31-47-38-28 is to keep afloat. My 26-14-65-56 is to lift. My 50-22-59 is a border. My 40-35-8-21-5 are vegetables. My 1-10-16-62 is erudite. My 45-6-3-70-43 is a fen. My 23-51-17-37-67-61 is to enumerate. My 48-19-46-58 is a pipe. My 66-2-30-69 is what Jacques met in the forest of Arden. My 36-60-32-39-42-55-34-11 are what Marcus Brutus would not "lock from his friends." My 9-18-54-4-24 is what Hamlet read. My 13-64-15-27-52 is what Iago told Roderigo to put in his purse.

"CORNELIA BLIMBER."









SPRING BLOSSOMS.